VOL. CCXXIX, No. 2976
PRICE TWO SHILLINGS

Fit "TripleX"- and be safe
Regd

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"
APRIL 13, 1957

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated The GRAPHIC

— THE WORLD'S NEWS IN PICTURES

McVITIE & PRICE
Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits
EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

Apollinaris is the natural mixer with Scotch...
ask for a Scotch and POLLY

"King George IV"
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

THE DISTILLERS AGENCY LTD. EDINBURGH · SCOTLAND

WETHERALL
bond st sportsclothes
TRADE MARK
"FOURway" HAND TAILORED CLEVERCHANGE BELTED / UNBELTED topcoats about 30 GNS.
BRITISH THOROUGHBRED
"DOESKIN + CASHMERE" "RACINplaid"
THE HEAVENLY BLEND OF PURE WOOL PURE CASHMERE
THE WETHERALL HOUSE BOND ST. W.1

Fortnum & Mason
F M
for the fundamentals
and the frills

Travelair Limited
TRAVELAIR Airline Operators Aircraft Sales
AIRCRAFT CHARTERS
115 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.
GER. 3382
FLYING IS AS CHEAP AS MOTORING
IN YOUR OWN PRIVATE OR BUSINESS 'PLANE
—COST OF A LIGHT EXECUTIVE AIRCRAFT IS NO MORE THAN A CAR
WE WILL TEACH PURCHASERS TO FLY—FREE OF CHARGE

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN TOILET SOAP MAKERS
Bronnley
FINE SOAPS
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER TOILET SOAP MAKERS

Lindt
THE CHOCOLATE OF THE CONNOISSEUR
CHOCOLAT LINDT
ROD. LINDT FILS
ESTABLISHED 1879

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE CO. LTD.
All classes of insurance transacted
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

PUBLISHING OFFICE: INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2
Registered as a Newspaper for Transmission in the United Kingdom
FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE
PRICE 2/-

Madam will carry the bear?

Eight thousand five hundred miles of memories...

They step ashore, at San Francisco. Off the ship of the Orient Line that has borne them from Sydney, Madam hugs to herself souvenirs, memories, to be life's highlights from now on . . .

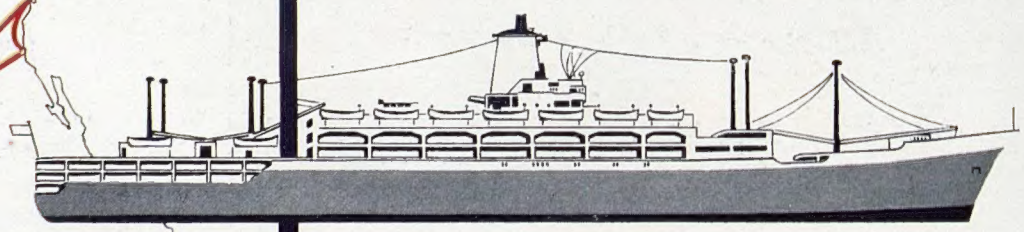
The Bear Sydney, Goodbye Australia . . . on into the Pacific Ocean . . . first dip in the swimming pool, first meal really at sea . . .

The Ear-rings Fiji, brilliant sun, emerald sea, ice clinking, green chairs confettied over the shining deck . . .

The Guitar Red wine and white buildings, Honolulu . . . soft twilight, songs half heard, ever remembered . . .

The Roses Sirens sobbing journey's end, San Francisco, cabin full of flowers, moments of goodbye, sweet stewardess, charming barman, everyone so kind, last drink at *our* table, wonderful ship . . .

Luggage by Revelation



ORIENT LINE

ENGLAND AUSTRALIA CANADA UNITED STATES

Chief Passenger Office: 26-27 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1.
City Passenger Office: 9-11 Billiter Square, London, E.C.3.

Volume CCXXIX No. 2976

The SPHERE, London, April 13, 1957

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE STATE VISIT TO FRANCE—THE QUEEN ACKNOWLEDGES THE GREETINGS OF PARISIANS FROM THE BALCONY OF THE OPERA HOUSE : She had gone out on to the balcony with Prince Philip and President Coty during the interval at the gala performance. This was the last engagement on her crowded first day in the French capital and followed a State banquet at the Elysée Palace on Monday evening, where the Royal visitors had taken up residence as the guests of the President.

During their four-day stay in France the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh fulfilled an extensive programme of engagements in and around Paris, and later at Lille and Roubaix. On arrival at Orly Airport last Monday, they were met by President Coty, as well as by M. Mollet, the Prime Minister, members of the French Cabinet and the British and Commonwealth Ambassadors. From the airport the Royal visitors drove along gaily-decorated and crowded streets to the Elysée Palace where the Queen and the Duke stayed as the guests of M. Coty. Soon after their arrival at the Palace, the Queen appeared on the balcony with President Coty and received a great cheer from the vast crowds assembled below. In the afternoon the Queen laid a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier before attending a reception of heads of Diplomatic missions. Later, came the first of the many outstanding and spectacular occasions of the State visit when the Queen and the Duke attended a State banquet. This was followed by the drive to the opera for a gala performance. A special pictorial record of the State visit will be included in next week's issue of *The Sphere*.

Postage—Inland, 3d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

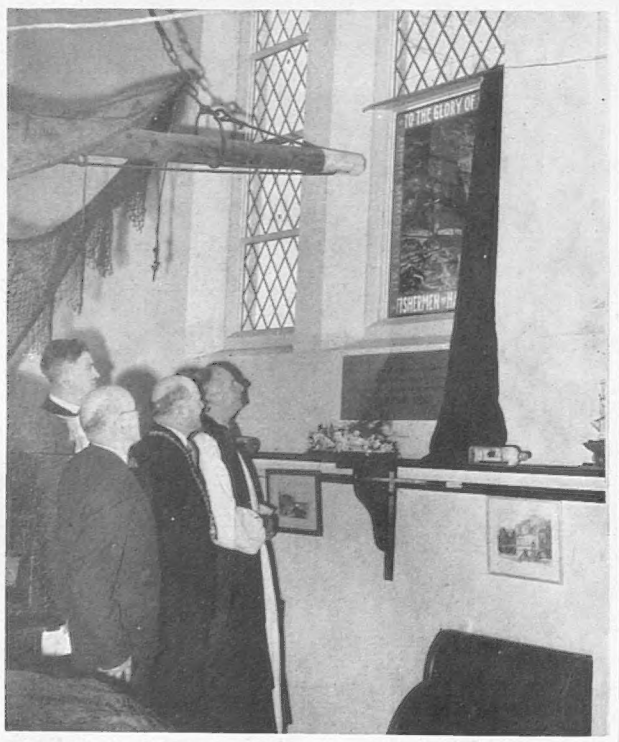
AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

THE YEAR'S FIRST PRESENTATION PARTY: A sentry marches past guests awaiting admission to this season's first Presentation Party at Buckingham Palace last week. Among the débutantes presented to Her Majesty were several from countries of the Commonwealth and the United States.

HONOURED BY THE U.S.

PRESIDENTIAL CITATION FOR ROYAL MARINES: General Randolph McC. Pate, Commandant of the U.S. Marine Corps (right), presenting to General Campbell Hardy, Royal Marines, the Presidential unit citation awarded to 41 Commando for service in Korea. The presentation was made at Wingfield House, the American Ambassador's residence.

MEMORIAL TO FISHERMEN



MEMORIAL WINDOW UNVEILED IN FISHERMEN'S CHURCH: The Lord Bishop of Lewes, the Rt. Rev. G. H. Warde, and the Mayor of Hastings, Alderman F. T. Hussey, J.P., stand under the bows of an old fishing lugger. The window has been presented by Miss M. Dobson to the church which contains many reminders of Hastings' ancient fishing industry.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £6 1*s.* 6*d.*; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3 3*s.*; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 18*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.* 6*d.* (*or* $16), £2 19*s.* 6*d. and* £2 15*s.*; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 19*s.* ($16.50 *cents in the U.S.A.*), £3 1*s.* 9*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. All terms above include postage.*

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Scientist and Politician in Nuclear Age.—It has been noticed that every debate in whatever assembly which discusses nuclear tests and potentialities is carried out in an atmosphere of gloom, "under the shadow of the nuclear cloud." Ignorance of the subject under debate has never been in itself a reason for assuring an atmosphere of gloom. Men talking through their hats have for generations succeeded in creating light-hearted discussion and happy phrases have produced happy atmospheres, if not happy results. There has never in the history of Parliaments been any rule to forbid statesmen and speakers from confident pronouncements on matters of which they know nothing or very little. It has been different since the great nuclear discovery. I do not think it was true before that sinister discovery fourteen years or so ago, that "the scientist was always ahead of the politician." It has been left to a Premier of 1957 to make that lamentable confession of failure. For here is a subject for debate which totally contradicts the nursery philosophy that ignorance is bliss. It is certainly total. For the scientific pundits, in their sharp divisions of opinion, cancel each other out, the politicians can only mug up the scientific jargon for a day's speech (and forget what they learned, next day). There may be good as well as patent evil in the beastly thing, but so profound is the ignorance, alike of the scientists and the statesmen, of its potential for evil, even where it is harnessed to human good, and so certain its evil where it is harnessed to war, that the subject is fated to throw a cloud of gloom over all who take part in its discussion. We have yet to hear of any statesman who, handling the subject in debate, has managed to conceal his hideous doubts, his sense of guilt, his basic ignorance, his overmastering anxiety. Small wonder if his audience is sunk in gloom.

Compromise Wins in the End.—It is clear to me that until we have a benevolent dictator, a Franco, a Tito, a Stalin, a Nasser (with all the nice British virtues, of course), at the head of Government or until our tottering economy crashes and must be rebuilt from the foundations, we shall never secure an agreement on a national wage structure which might avert the everlasting "free-for-all" (or for all with loud voices) to catch up in wage claims with the cost of living and with industrial profits, and with the gains made by workers in other industries, or by lesser men in the same industry. And that being so, industry must remain sharply divided into two nations, the employers (or haves) and the workers (or have-nots), and face-saving must be the principal point in the game for both of them. And it seems to me that this point in the game could be won more easily by both sides if the protagonists were not so certain that they are right, so rigid in their demands and their refusals at the start. In the end, it is a compromise which brings a disastrous strike or *impasse* to an end for a brief space, as you and I were never in doubt that it must. Say the unions demand 10 per cent. increase, won't take a penny less and refuse arbitration. The management declare that the business simply cannot stand another wage increase of any kind and quote figures to prove it. The strike begins. Perhaps only 50 per cent. of the workers want it. It interferes with their "never-never" payments and their wives find a constant £18 per week more satisfactory than £5 or £6. The strike goes on. The public shows its dislike of it and charges one side or t'other with selfishness and lack of patriotism. Then both sides think again. The employers discover that, after all, their statistics were unduly pessimistic. They *could* spring to another 5 per cent. increase on terms, but certainly not 10 per cent. The unions discover that after all, though 5 per cent. is ridiculous chicken-feed, they might accept 7½ per cent. *pro tem.* The two sides begin bargaining and the intervention of Government and other conciliators is highly praised and rewarded. It is hard to see whose face has been saved. The nation might have been saved a damaging setback, if both sides had been less adamant at the start. And what is true in industrial relations is just as true in international. Makarios is shanghai-ed, and will so remain until EOKA is liquidated. Time passes. Makarios may go free if he signs a statement. Makarios signs a different statement and still goes free. This is called on one side proof of good faith, on the other proof of the success of terrorism. Both sides claim to have saved face. No other form of economy is apparent.

Oriental Bazaar Bargaining.—I can understand Lord Salisbury's point of view. A long series of diplomatic humiliations may get on the nerves of elder statesmen and even of the man in the street. There is "no virtue in obstinately sticking to a line if changing events have made it out of date"; but there is no virtue in starting out with a *ne plus ultra* line which you cannot abandon without loss of face and the charge of vacillation or inconsistency. There are times when a leader in war or peace knows that it is better to have a policy or plan and to stick to it, even if it has a flaw, than to have none at all, and flit like a butterfly from flower to flower. The Suez adventure was an instance in point. It seems to some of us that in diplomacy, politics and economics, loss of face and bitter humiliation have too often in recent years followed on cast-iron, *ne plus ultra* lines, no less than on lines taken up when merely marked out with tape. Compromise is almost always the solution which in the end settles the most acute differences. Where the matter in dispute is the price of a trifle offered in an Eastern bazaar, the buyer and seller each proffer at the start their *ne plus ultra* line, and lose no face when they recede from it. It is all part of the game in the bazaar and affects no third parties. It is very different with national strikes and international disputes. There the bargaining threatens the livelihood of millions of "third-parties," and buyer and seller alike have a duty to start the bargaining at a reasonable and practical basis of agreement, since every day matters. Those who now hail the calling-off of these two damaging strikes as a triumph for common sense in accepting the inevitable, compromise may be premature in rejoicing. They should take note of the bitterness which the decisions evoked and take note of Mr. Hill's *obiter dictum*: "If the Court of Inquiry fails to give the unions what they want, the struggle will start all over again." Be sure it will, if the Court of Inquiry prefers the evidence of facts, impartially sifted, to the threats of Mr. Hill.

THE CHANCELLOR AT HIS DESK

MR. PETER THORNEYCROFT'S FIRST BUDGET: The Chancellor is pictured at the Treasury in Great George Street, Westminster. On his desk is the traditional battered red despatch-box from which his Budget secrets were revealed.

A Daily Reminder.—"A constant reader" asks me why we must have a photograph of Mr. Macmillan every day in the Press. There is nothing I can do about it, of course, but I can think of one or two good reasons for keeping us all familiar with his face and office. "Old men forget." In the constant preoccupation with our daily anxieties, even adults may mislay the name of the Premier of the day; certainly they often forget the names of other Ministers. And "what every schoolboy knows" may cover spaces, ships and railway engines, but does not always cover the holders of the chief offices of State. General knowledge papers prove that clearly. There is a grimmer reason. So heavy is the burden of responsibility on our Premiers nowadays that they are inclined to age rapidly, and it is best for the public (if shocks are to be avoided) to observe the process of decay from day to day. That softens up a possible shock. Mr. Macmillan is photogenic. He makes a pleasant snap. I am sure

"Constant Reader" does not object to his portraits on æsthetic grounds. It is otherwise with Nasser and some others I could name. I fancy "Constant Reader" grows bored with repetition and deplores the narrowness of the Press photographers' range. He must remember that only V.I.P.s make news. He and I, though handsome, are not interesting outside our home or office or village; and since news which is not illustrated with pictures is always hard to absorb, we must expect this daily repetition of photographs of V.I.P.s. That is why we are so familiar with the faces of Princess Grace and Nasser and Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Dulles, and all the men and women who make history. We should be thankful if they are good-looking, as sometimes they are. While this Newsletter is printed, Mr. Thorneycroft's face (and despatch box) will crowd out the Premier's *pro tem.* I wonder whether his face will be *our* fortune?

Obscene Publications.—It is right that Lord Lambton's Bill, which seeks to make sense of the present hash of legislation on pornography and obscenity, should be ventilated in Select Committee. For my part, I doubt whether making the test one of "intention on the part of the author to corrupt" is likely to protect immature minds. The matter of what is to-day accepted as "literature" or good literature quite certainly is capable of corrupting influences, and should not escape condemnation merely because such passages are beautifully written or glorify a vice which will still be subject to legal penalties when, for example, the law concerning homosexuality is rationalised. A good example might be cited from the works of the late André Gide, who died in 1951. Accepted as an immortal, he wrote frankly and beautifully and with supreme egotism of his sexual experiences and philosophy. His "*Si le Grain ne Meurt*" (1920) was translated in 1950 under the title of *If It Die*. None would claim that his intention was to corrupt, rather to justify his own philosophy. But few would deny the corrupting influence of certain passages on young and adult minds. The very beauty of the writing enhances the influence. It is right that those who seek to corrupt and those who for gain traffic on the corruptible should be punished, but it is not enough. Innocence, adolescence, unhealthy curiosity and weak-mindedness still need protection against masters of literature who beautify vice from no sordid motives of financial gain. Indeed, smuggled and crude pornography often disgusts or wins ridicule when beautiful writing succeeds all too well in achieving evil influence. It is all very well crying out against the absurdity of banning the Bible, Rabelais, Shakespeare, and so on. There remain classic writers who lie somewhere between Heaven and Hell, and in their cases the onus still lies with the courts, and the present Bill will leave a wide and difficult choice for a right judgment.

Reforming County Cricket.—The Advisory County Cricket Committee, in accepting the bulk of the Special Committee's proposals for saving County Cricket, quite clearly show that they considered the patient dangerously ill. I aver that it is not *cricket*, but County and Test cricket, which is sick. Village cricket needed no medicine but the continued interest of the younger entry. But new rules to minister to the mind diseased of County Cricket are essential. Insane publicity and statistics run mad have ruined a game we once enjoyed. I am glad to find that the A.C.C.C. and I were in agreement on the proposals to be accepted and rejected. Therefore, we shall look to see: (*a*) Fielders on the on-side limited to five, and only two of them behind the sticks. We may see the flash through the covers again, and the late cut. (*b*) First innings lead points reduced to 2 from 4, with a bonus of 2 points, win or lose, for the side which scored most first innings runs per over bowled. (*c*) Boundaries standardised at 75 yards. (*d*) Umpires to have increased powers to reduce time wastage. (*e*) Overseas players not to exceed two per county, after existing contracts run out after 1962. Limitation of first innings overs and knock-out competition rejected or deferred. No change in l.b.w. rules. Let us hope the medicine will save the patient. Still, as of old, the patient must co-operate in the cure. It 's still up to the County captain. I still think he could have done much to keep the patient healthy—and sane. John Arlottry may afford magical pleasure to armchair cricket fans, but it has turned first-class cricketers into frightened rabbits or robots. And for my part I still believe that it is a very dangerous and doubtful experiment to try to restore the spirit by tampering with the letter of the game.

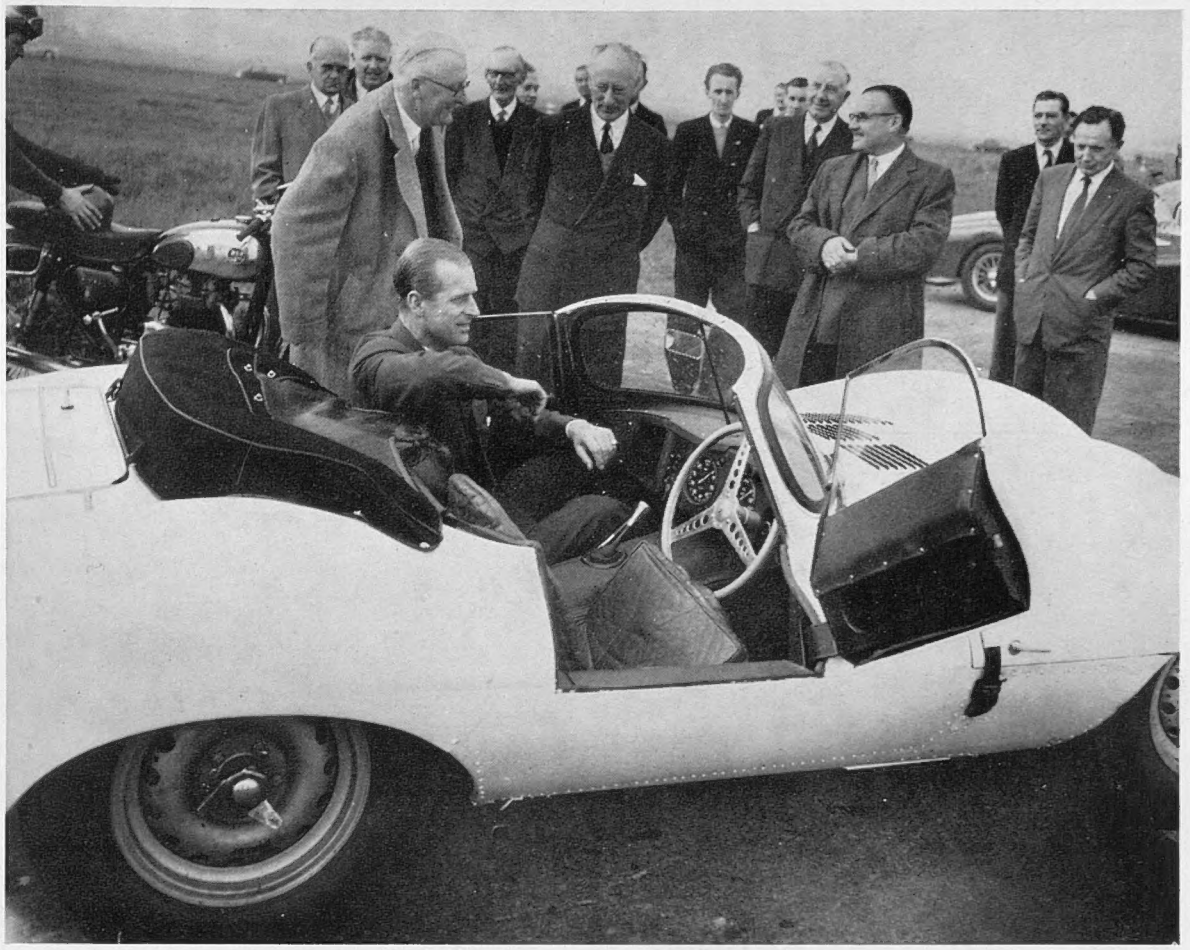
THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE STATE VISIT TO FRANCE

A Fully Illustrated Record of the Royal Occasions

PRINCE PHILIP AT A VARIETY OF FUNCTIONS



THE DUKE DRIVES AT OVER 100 M.P.H.: Prince Philip is sitting in a 3½-litre Jaguar export model during a visit last week to the Motor Industries Research Establishment at Lindley, near Nuneaton, in Leicestershire. The Duke was driven at 125 m.p.h. round a banked circuit by a test driver; then he took over the car himself and completed a circuit at over 100 m.p.h.

On left—

PRESENTING A TROPHY: At the first annual banquet of the Worshipful Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators, held at the Mansion House, Prince Philip presents the Johnston Memorial Trophy to Mr. F. L. Wills. He is the managing director of Hunting Aerosurveys Ltd., and received the trophy on behalf of Mr. J. H. Saffery and the company's pilots and navigators who took part in an Antarctic Expedition. The award is for the best feat of aerial navigation of 1955-56.

PRINCE PHILIP TALKS TO 2,000 SCHOOLCHILDREN: Last week the Duke of Edinburgh gave a lecture to secondary schoolchildren on his Commonwealth tour. His talk was held in the Festival Hall in London and was illustrated with films and recordings. He covered a great deal during the seventy-minute lecture—which was more like an informal travel talk. The Imperial Institute invited the Duke to give the address and selected 200 secondary schools by ballot to send pupils. Parties were made up of boys and girls aged 13 and over. Distinguished guests invited to the lecture included the High Commissioners for India (Mrs. Pandit) and Ceylon (Sir Claude Corea) and people who made the world journey with the Duke.

PARADING THROUGH PARIS

500 British Servicemen Visit the French Capital for the Franco-British Military Tournament

MASSED PIPERS MARCH THROUGH PARIS: They are leaving the Arc de Triomphe during a parade of 500 British servicemen in the French capital. The contingent is in Paris for the Franco-British Military Festival which lasts until to-morrow (Sunday). Just before the arrival of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh for the State visit, the contingent took part in a parade through Paris to lay a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Warrior under the Arc de Triomphe. A mounted band of the Royal Horse Guards led the procession, which also included several other bands of the Army, the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force. Crowds of Parisians applauded the men as they marched along the streets which were already decorated for the Royal visit. At the tomb of the Unknown Warrior the wreath-laying ceremony was followed by a piper playing the lament "Flowers of the Forest." As he played, the piper marched across the space in front of the Arch.

On right—

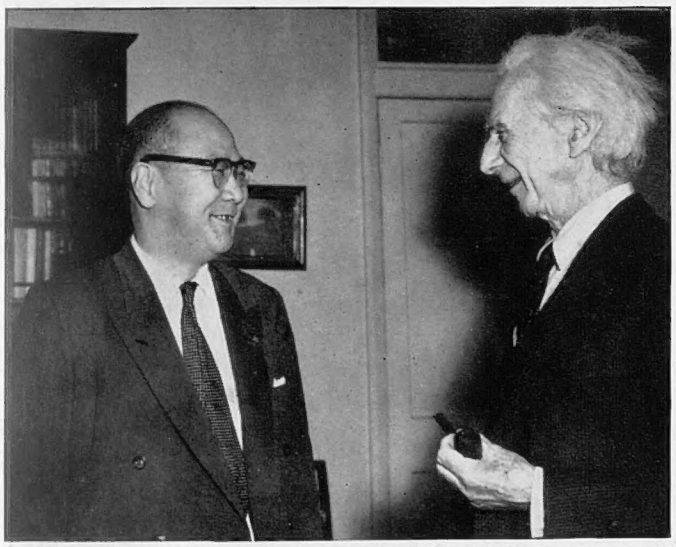
PARISIANS APPLAUD THE BRITISH ARMY: The hand-clapping is for a Guards band as it swings along the Champs Elysées. At some places the crowds were so big that the men, who were marching in open order formation, had to close ranks.

HIGH-RANKING BRITISH AND FRENCH OFFICERS ATTEND THE WREATH-LAYING CEREMONY: They are watching Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Miles Howard, who is in command of the contingent, as he stoops to lay the wreath of green laurel and red poppies. After the playing of a lament the Horse Guards band played the two National Anthems. *On left*—A mounted band leaves the Arc de Triomphe.

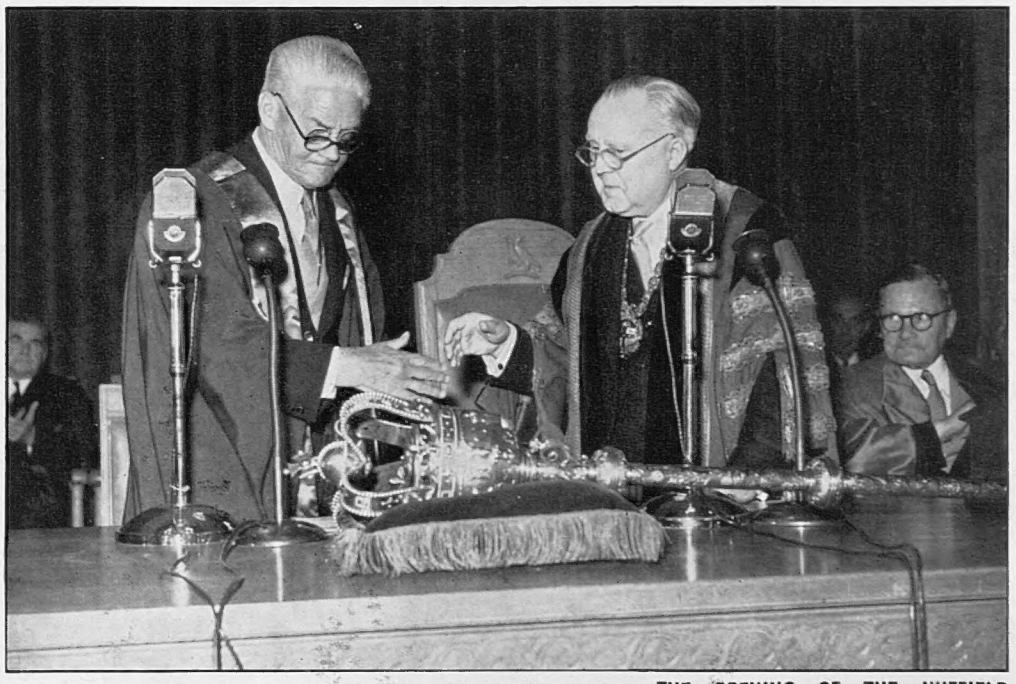
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE HAMPSHIRE TOWN OF ROMSEY: The Queen is accompanied by the Mayor, Councillor H. G. Mackrell, as she tours the civic exhibition in the Town Hall during her visit to Romsey on the occasion of the 350th anniversary of the granting of the Town's Charter by King James I. On their arrival at Romsey, the Queen and Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, were met by the Duke of Wellington (the Lord Lieutenant), Lord Mountbatten (the High Steward of Romsey) and the Mayor. A Loyal Address was read by Mr. Mackrell. Then the members of the Royal party walked across to the Abbey for a thanksgiving service, which was attended by Hampshire's civic leaders.

ROMSEY WELCOMES THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: Crowds of people watch the Royal visitors as they walk from the Town Hall to attend a special service in Romsey Abbey. The address at the service was given by the Bishop of Winchester. It was at nearby Broadlands that the Queen and the Duke spent the first part of their honeymoon.



A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE JAPANESE PRIME MINISTER CALLS ON BERTRAND RUSSELL: Dr. Matsushita, the personal representative of the Japanese Premier, in conversation with Bertrand Russell in the latter's London home. The two men met to discuss the possibilities of persuading the British Government to suspend the nuclear bomb tests due to be carried out in the Pacific.

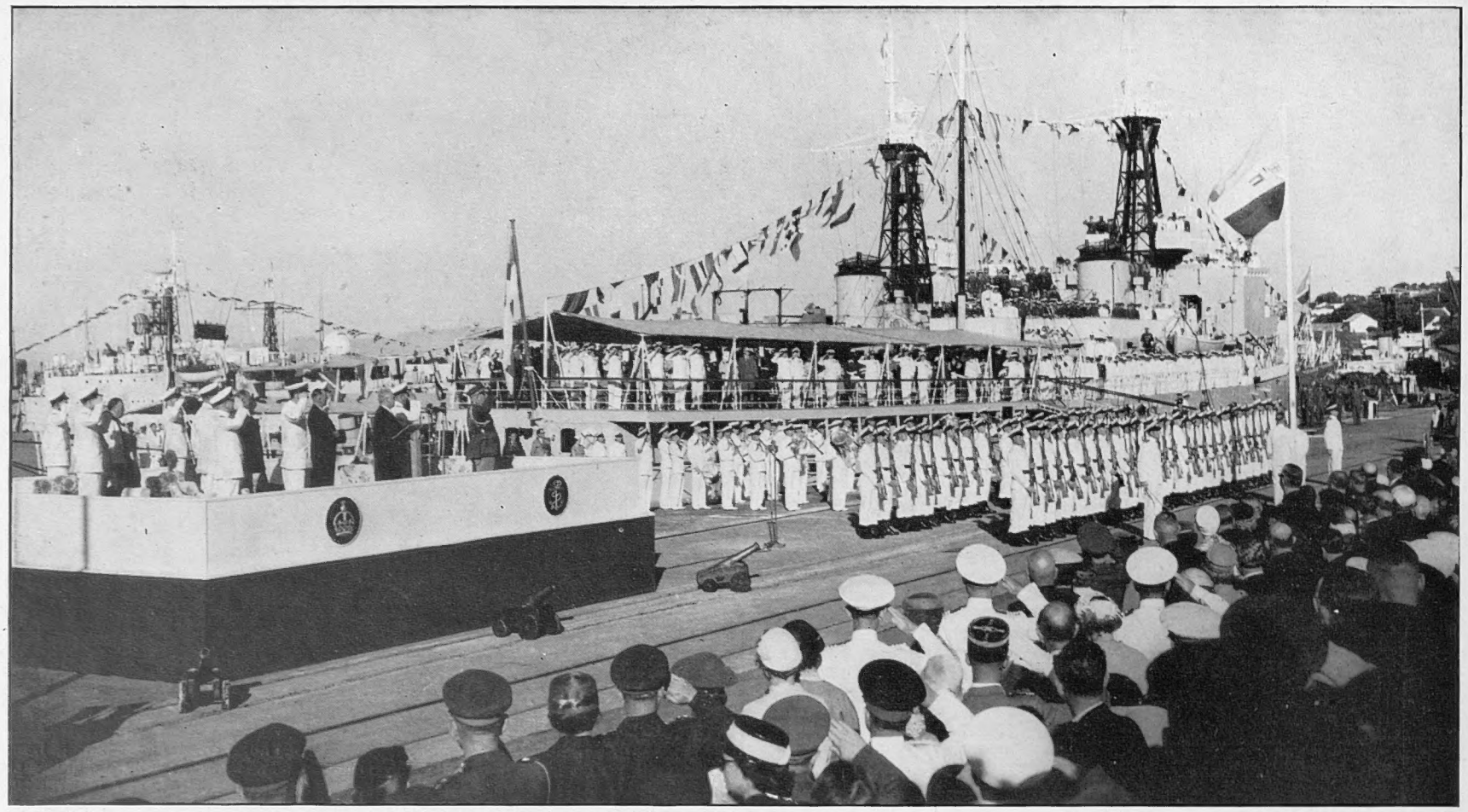


THE OPENING OF THE NUFFIELD COLLEGE OF SURGICAL SCIENCES: Viscount Nuffield (on left) shakes hands with Professor Sir Harry Platt, M.S., F.R.C.S., President of the Royal College of Surgeons, during the ceremony of the opening of the Nuffield College of Surgical Sciences, Lincoln's Inn, London. The College was officially opened by Lord Freyberg, V.C. Presented as a gift by Viscount Nuffield, the College has, in fact, been occupied since the beginning of this year. Already eighty post-graduate students from all parts of the world are in residence. The opening was postponed until the anniversary of the birthday of Lord Lister, one of the greatest surgeons.

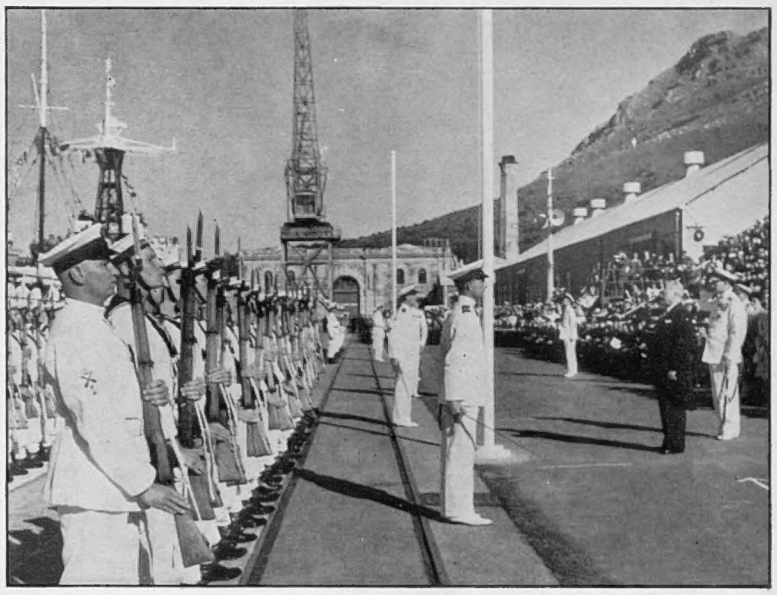
On left—

THE PRIME MINISTER ATTENDS THE CUTLERS' FEAST IN SHEFFIELD: Mr. Macmillan is seen towards the centre of the top table at the annual celebration of the Cutlers' Company. He replied to the toast "Her Majesty's Ministers and Armed Forces," which was proposed by Mr. F. Pickworth, a Senior Warden of the Cutlers' Company, and Chairman of the English Steel Corporation Ltd. Among the other guests of the Master Cutler, Sir Peter Roberts, was the American Ambassador, Mr. Whitney.

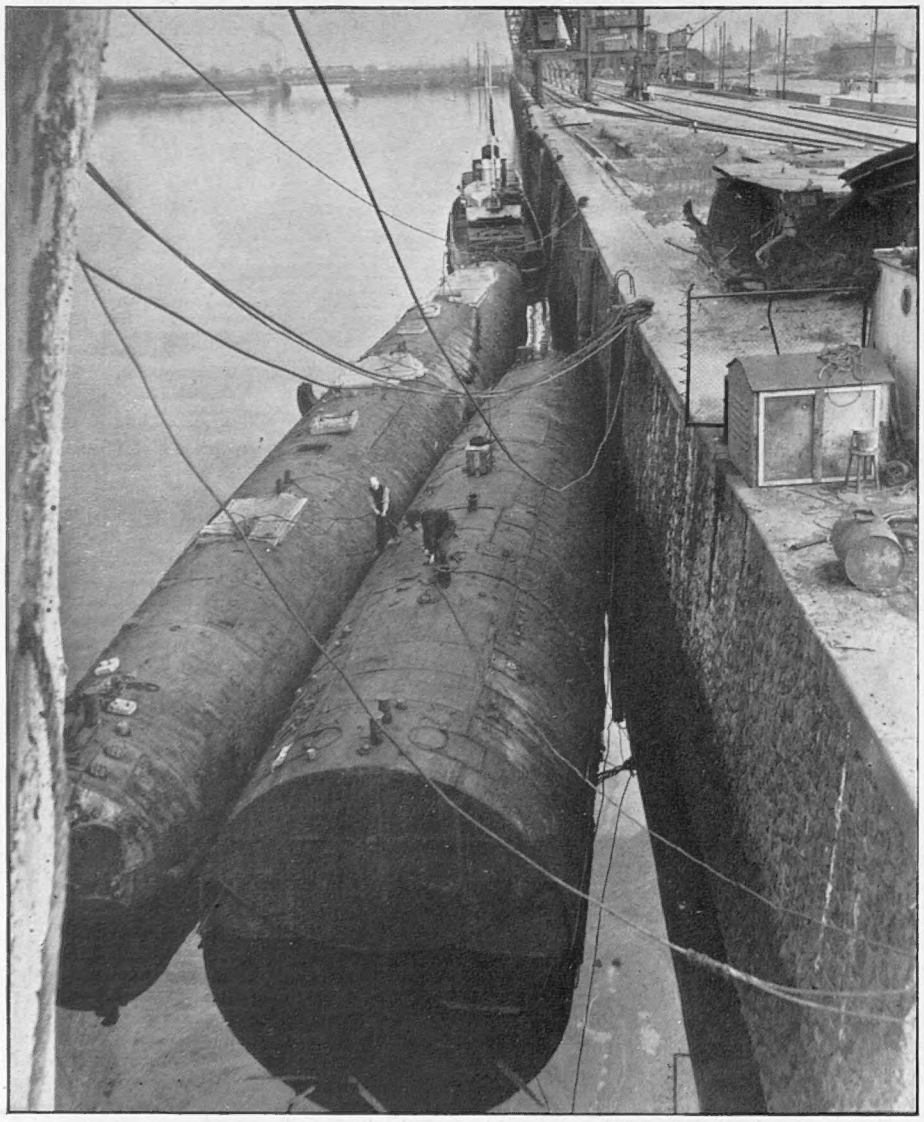
The News in Pictures



THE SIMONSTOWN NAVAL BASE IS HANDED OVER TO THE SOUTH AFRICAN NAVY: A guard of honour of the South African Navy presents arms as their national flag is hoisted during the handing-over ceremony on the West Arm of the dockyard. On the left, high-ranking officials attending the ceremony, who included the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Selkirk, and Mr. Erasmus, the South African Minister of Defence, salute on the dais as the South African flag is broken at the top of the flagstaff. The handing-over ceremony ended 143 years of possession of the dockyard by the Royal Navy. To mark the occasion Captain H. F. Bone, R.N., the former Dockyard Superintendent, solemnly presented the Commander of the South African naval contingent with the massive key to the West Yard's main gate which has been in use since 1863.

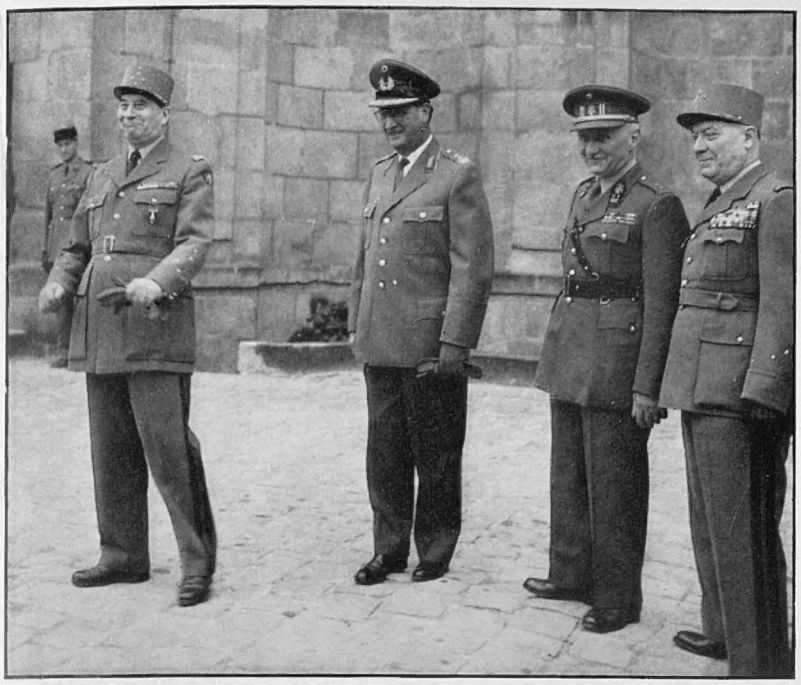


THE ROYAL NAVY GUARD OF HONOUR: Mr. Erasmus, the South African Minister of Defence, takes the salute as the Royal Navy guard of honour presents arms. The short ceremony took place in the presence of invited guests of the South African Government who included diplomatic and naval representatives.



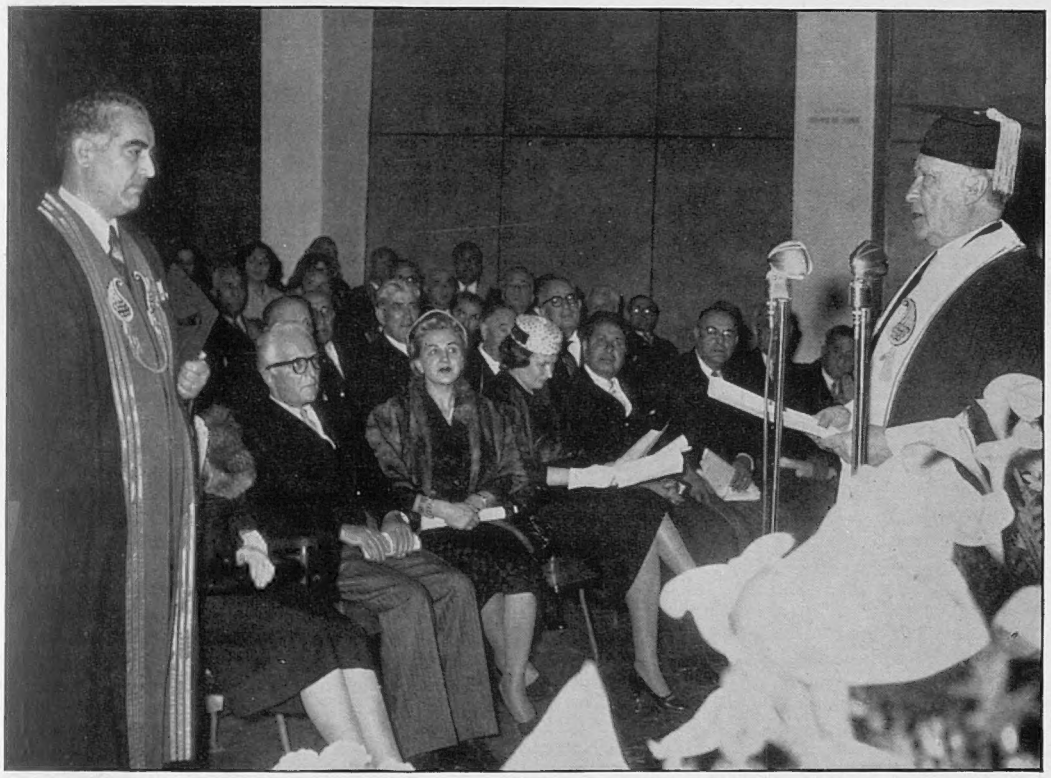
TWO GERMAN SUBMARINES ARE PREPARED FOR SCRAP: The hulls of two German U-boats which were sunk off the coast of Norway during the last war are moored alongside a quay in Hamburg before being broken down into scrap. The Norwegian tug in the background had towed the submarines from Norway after they had been salvaged from the sea. Recently two other German U-boats were salvaged from the Baltic for the new Federal Navy.

THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC P.1B FLIES: This aircraft, seen at Warton Airfield, in Lancashire, was recently flown for the first time by Wing-Commander R. P. Beamont, the company's chief test pilot. A production order for the P.1B has been placed and it will serve as the R.A.F.'s last manned day and night all-weather supersonic fighter. The P.1B has been designed from the outset as a complete "weapon system." This means that the extensive armament, radar and radio aids are integral parts of this single-seat aircraft and have not been treated as extra items to be added in stages. Armament includes both 30-mm. cannon and guided missiles; power is provided by two Rolls-Royce Avon turbo-jets fitted with re-heat.



GENERAL SPEIDEL TAKES OVER HIS NATO COMMAND: From left to right are General Jean Etienne Valluy, the French Commander-in-Chief Allied Forces, Central Europe; General Hans Speidel, newly designated Commander-in-Chief Ground Forces, Central Europe; General Hontoin, of Belgium, Chief of Staff; and General Jussieu-Pontcarrel, of France, who is the assistant to General Speidel at the Fontainebleau headquarters of the Central Europe Command. This picture was taken when General Speidel arrived at Fontainebleau for the take-over.

THE CEREMONY OF TAKE-OVER AT FONTAINEBLEAU: General Speidel salutes as he passes in review the various officers of different nationalities comprising the staff of the headquarters at Fontainebleau. The newly-appointed Commander-in-Chief, Ground Forces, Central Europe, is accompanied by his immediate superior General Jean Etienne Valluy. The appointment of General Speidel marks the entry of the Federal German Army as a positive element in the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. He was Chief of Staff of the German Ninth Corps as it swept across Belgium, Holland and Northern France in 1940.



DR. ADENAUER ON A STATE VISIT TO PERSIA: The Chancellor of the Federal German Republic, Dr. Konrad Adenauer, addresses members of the University of Teheran in the Persian capital after the University had conferred on him an honorary doctorate. Standing at the left is Dr. Menuchehr Eghbal, the President of the University of Teheran, who is also the new Persian Prime Minister. Dr. Adenauer was on a short visit to Teheran during which he had discussions with the Persian Government. The main topic of the talks was the possibility of West Germany sharing in the development of the Qum oilfields and other development schemes.

A GIFT FOR THE SHAH: The Soviet Ambassador to Persia, Nicolai Pegov (on left), explains to the Shah, through an interpreter, certain features of the Ilyushin aircraft presented to the Persian ruler by the Soviet Government as a New Year gift. The plane was ceremoniously handed over to the Shah by the Soviet Ambassador during a ceremony held in Teheran.

A POSSIBLE LEADER FOR A NEW JORDAN CABINET: The former Prime Minister of Jordan, Samir Rifei, shakes hands with King Hussein during a visit to the Palace. Rumour has it that the present Premier, Suleiman Nabulsi, may be forced to retire in face of strong opposition to the policies of his Cabinet on the part of the King. Samir Rifei seems a possible candidate to form a new Cabinet. Lately he has been paying frequent visits to the King, both at the Palace and at the offices of the ruler.

IRAQ ENDS ITS BOYCOTT OF THE BAGDAD PACT: Sir John Cockcroft, Director of the Atomic Research Establishment at Harwell, addresses the first meeting of the Scientific Council of the Bagdad Pact in Bagdad. The occasion was marked as being the end of the Iraqi boycott of the Pact which has lasted since the Suez crisis. On the left is Awni Kalidy, the Secretary-General. The meeting also marked the opening of a nuclear research centre for the members of the Pact by King Feisal.

The News in Pictures

A COMMUNIST-ORGANISED MEETING IN BUDAPEST: Bela Biszku, Minister of the Interior in the Kadar puppet Government in Hungary, addresses a meeting organised by the Communists in Budapest. A few days later an elaborate demonstration to mark the "liberation" of Hungary by the Kadar Government and the Soviet authorities, was boycotted by the Hungarian people. The only Hungarian and Soviet emblems seen in Budapest were those displayed on direct order of the regime. Following the return from Moscow of Janos Kadar and his mission the police rule throughout Hungary has been further strengthened. In a statement after his arrival in Budapest, Kadar called for an intensification of class warfare and the destruction of counter-revolutionary forces. He emphasised that his regime was determined to strengthen the proletarian dictatorship and protect it against "imperialist agitators." Meanwhile the waves of arrest in all the large towns and cities have continued unabated and the numbers of executions of freedom fighters and opponents of the regime are still rising. The figures issued by the Communists bear little relation to the true facts of the situation. At the moment, however, it seems that the regime is still afraid to try Mr. Imre Nagye and his colleagues.

A COMMUNIST MINISTER SPEAKS IN BUDAPEST: Gyorgy Marosan, Minister of State in the Soviet-controlled regime, speaks at an open-air meeting organised recently in the capital.

RIOTING IN CHILE: A student who had allegedly thrown stones at a bus is arrested in Santiago. Riots recently broke out in several towns in protest at the martial law imposed in an attempt to stamp out the anti-inflation riots in the latter part of March, when many people were killed or seriously injured.

RESCUED FROM THE CHANNEL: Survivors from the 900-ton coaster *Lisbeth M* are seen leaving hospital after treatment following their rescue when the coaster sank off Kingsgate Bay. She had been in collision in fog with the 3,700-ton collier *Sir John Snell*. The master and four of the crew of the coaster were lost.

FRANCO COMMEMORATES HIS VICTORY: The Spanish Chief of State drives through the Streets of Madrid escorted by the famous Moorish Guard. *On left*—General Franco with General Barroso, the Minister of National Defence, arriving for the parade commemorating the eighteenth anniversary of the final defeat of the Spanish Republican Government. It was attended by members of the Spanish Government and by the Diplomatic Corps; General Franco took the salute. The most noticeable feature of the parade was the large quantity of American arms and equipment which has been supplied to the Spanish Army. American-built jet fighters of the Spanish Air Force flew overhead.

A TORNADO BEARS DOWN ON DALLAS, TEXAS : The black column of wind and debris moves north-eastward through the industrial area towards Record Crossing as the tornado cuts into Dallas. This particular tornado raged for half an hour through a 21-mile-long lane, killing 10 people and injuring over 200 others in the city.

TORNADOES IN TEXAS

A Series of Wind Storms hit Dallas and other Towns in the States

The recent tornadoes which struck the state of Texas were particularly felt in the region of Dallas, where ten people lost their lives and a large number were injured. The other parts of the state where the tornadoes struck were at McKinney and Melissa, north of Dallas, at Dido, north of Fort Worth, and at communities in North Collin and Tarrant Counties. There were also three tornadic storms in Oklahoma near the Texas border. In Dallas itself the major tornado hit the city on its western side. Its path was no more than a few hundred feet wide, but it sucked the roofs off buildings and destroyed the walls, drawing debris and rubble hundreds of feet high into the air and scattering it throughout the city. In some places it picked up cars and other heavy objects as if they were playthings. In one Negro settlement in the western part of the city, the winds levelled forty-five frame houses and killed or injured many people, including some children.

AFTER THE PASSAGE OF THE TORNADO : Debris and rubble litter this part of Dallas, after the winds had passed. Many of the buildings in this area of the city are frame structures, which were seized by the tornado and carried bodily away to be scattered over a wide region. The total damage to property was very heavy.

A ROOF ROUND A TREE: The fury of the tornado can be gauged from these strips of metal roofing which have been wrapped round the trunk of a tree.

b

THE FIRST CONVOY PASSES THROUGH THE REOPENED CANAL: The Italian cargo-vessel *Rusulla*, 7,418 tons, passes the old Suez Canal Company's building in Port Said as she enters the harbour. She was the largest vessel in the first convoy to pass through the waterway since the Anglo-French intervention. Nine vessels were included in the convoy.

PASSING THE WRECKED EL FERDAN BRIDGE IN THE CANA pass through the Canal since its clearance sails p blown-up by Allied Airborne Forces during

A MIDDLE EAST SURVEY

Egypt Reopens the Canal, While Israel Develops Eilat, on the Gulf of Aqaba

At the time when the first convoy entered the Suez Canal after its reopening, the United Nations authorities stated that the waterway was open to ships of 26½-ft. draught and 65-ft. beam, which is expected to embrace most vessels up to 10,000 or 11,000 tons. The nine vessels in the first convoy were all freighters. They included four vessels flying the Italian flag, two Soviet ships and one ship each sailing under the flags of West Germany, Rumania and Greece. All the vessels of the convoy paid their Canal dues to the Egyptian authorities. Because of a sandstorm the convoy was compelled to anchor for a time in the Bitter Lakes, and consequently it was not able to complete the 12-hour passage by nightfall. Although only one ship started from Port Said on the southward passage, the Egyptian authorities have announced that it is now possible to take a full convoy daily from each end of the Canal during daylight.

The day following the passage of this first convoy the American State Department announced that it had delivered a Note to Egypt containing "suggestions" by which the recent Egyptian proposals for the operation of the international waterway might be brought into agreement with the six principles laid down by the Security Council last October as the essential conditions for a permanent settlement. The British reaction to the Egyptian memorandum has been one of scepticism. It is noted that Egypt has advanced no ideas about an international settlement beyond a vague readiness to have questions under dispute submitted to arbitration. The memorandum also contains no reference to the "50-50" arrangement for the collection of tolls proposed as a temporary solution.

THE ISRAELI PIPELINE AT EILAT: Constr is being built at the northern end of th Eilat to Beersheba, in Central Isra

THE DEVELOPMENT OF EILAT: Israeli townsfolk walk in a street of Eilat, the little port at the end of the Gulf of Aqaba, which Israel is developing as her Red Sea harbour. Despite the possibility of the Arab powers again closing the Gulf to Israeli shipping the seaport is being developed at enormous speed, and work on the enlarging of its harbour facilities has already begun.

UNITED NATIONS TROOPS ON THE DEMA ditch marking the demarcation li of these U.N. troops will not deter raid

...e of the nine vessels making up the first convoy to ...e wreckage of the El Ferdan bridge, which was ...hting at the time of the Anglo-French intervention.

...work goes ahead at Eilat on the 8-in. pipeline which ...of Aqaba. The pipeline will carry crude oil from ... is due to be opened within the next few days.

ISRAEL'S BIGGEST PORT: A vessel loads its cargo at the quayside in Haifa harbour, Israel's largest and busiest port. The port is also the site of the Israeli Navy's training school. During the fighting with Egypt, Haifa was shelled by an Egyptian destroyer, which surrendered after a short fight and is now part of the small Israeli Navy.

On left—
ISRAELI NAVY EXERCISES: Motor torpedo-boats of the Israeli Navy carry out exercises in the Bay of Haifa. In addition to several types of similar vessels which are used for coastal patrol work, the Israeli Navy has two destroyers which are ex-British "Z"-class vessels.

...TION LINE: Two Colombian soldiers of the U.N.E.F. walk along the ...tween Israel and the Gaza Strip. The Israelis claim that the presence ...m the Egyptian side of the line, so they have set up their own patrols.

GAZA ORANGES ARE EXPORTED TO YUGOSLAVIA: Arabs carry crates of oranges down to the beach in the Gaza Strip for loading into small boats which will ferry them to a merchant vessel lying offshore. Gathered from the Gaza orange crop, the fruit was being exported to Yugoslavia.

A FISHING FACTORY IN KENYA

The One-man Factory of Mr. David Roberts on Lake Baringo

In the heart of the Rift Valley Province of Kenya, hidden between low-lying hills, facing the rim of a darker escarpment, lies Lake Baringo, the haunt of crocodiles and hippopotamuses, a paradise of bird-life and the home of the sweet-tasting tilapia, a freshwater fish that finds its way on to the tables of almost every house in Kenya. It is here that is situated one of the most unique fishing industries in the colony, run by one man and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. David Roberts.

The industry is a new project which is providing work and a source of revenue for the tribes that live along the shores of the lake and on the larger of the islands which dot its surface of 53 square miles. The tribes, Njemps, Tugen and Suk, welcome the scheme and it has Government blessing. The project started when Mr. Roberts gave up farming and became a licensed crocodile hunter. About two years ago he visited the lake as the agent for a private company which had a concession on all the skins taken out of Lake Baringo. It was the idea of the District Commissioner, Mr. John Simpson, that the resources of the lake should be used to help the local tribes and that the agent should foster the hunting and trapping of crocodiles and show the tribesmen the correct method of salting and preparing the skins.

This Mr. Roberts did with moderate success, but all the time he was becoming more and more interested in the possibilities of setting up a fishing industry. After a great deal of thought he put forward a scheme to the Administration which involved the building of a deep-freezing plant for the cold storage of filleted fish and for the holding of fresh fish later to be marketed throughout Kenya. The Administration was interested in the project and eventually accepted the proposal, with modifications, and granted a ten-year concession.

The concession stipulates that fishing camps should be set up at certain specified points around the lake and on the islands. There are now two camps on the biggest island and six on the mainland. The concession also requires Mr. Roberts to collect and buy the fish from these camps. He must fill his quota of 1,200 fish daily from these camps and only if this is not possible is he permitted to fish on his own. The daily figure of 1,200 a day per year was arrived at after a biological survey of the lake carried out by the Fisheries Department, which decided that, provided this figure was not exceeded, the possibilities were that the tilapia breeding stock would not be damaged or the lake over-fished. Work on the building of the factory began about six months ago when the main deep-freeze was erected with a capacity to hold five tons of fish. It is capable of quick-freezing three-quarters of a ton of filleted fish a day. After the completion of this deep-freeze, work began on the chill-room for whole fish. Both filleted and whole fish are marketed, the main distributing points being Nakuru and Nairobi.

The fish are graded on arrival at the factory, some going to the long line of African filleters, mostly women, and others for storage in the chill-room. The fillets are weighed and packed into two types of container—14-oz. for domestic use and 7-lb. packs for hotels and hospitals. While waiting delivery they are put on long shelves in the deep-freeze, where the temperature is approximately minus 20 degrees. Frozen fish retains its flavour for several months if necessary, but in this case there is little delay for the fish reaches the consumer as soon as possible. A lorry leaves Lake Baringo twice a week and journeys through the early morning to the distribution-points.

A 10 per cent. tax on all fish caught has been imposed by the Administration. This is paid to the local African District Council. The fishermen are paid 20 cents a fish and are quickly realising that the industry is one they can benefit from. The tribes along the lake shore are not cultivators. Before the industry came into being they ran a dried-fish trade, which was nowhere near as efficient or well-paying as the present scheme. Now the Administration is endeavouring to persuade the tribes not to spend their new-found wealth on more and more goats, their present conception of wealth. The hundreds of goats in the vicinity of Lake Baringo must be largely responsible for the disappearance of the rich pastures of the past, the present arid conditions and the absence of the abundant game which once thronged the area. The levelling of the grass has brought on erosion which, among other things, has discoloured the clear waters of the lake.

Fishing on Lake Baringo begins in the late afternoon when the fishermen dip their nets some distance from the reed-beds so as to be clear of crocodiles. Ordinary gill nets about 100 yards in length are used—each fisherman being allowed two nets. At sunset the nets are brought up and the catch, which varies in the different parts of the lake, is gathered in. The task of collecting the catch takes place early in the day. The boat passes from the shore to Coqua or Central Island for the first haul. As it makes its journey it will pass the native fishermen in their primitive boats made from strips of wood similar to balsa and open at the stern.

At each place of call the fish will be gathered in and the numbers entered into the ledger. When all the catches are loaded aboard, the boat will head back along the lake to the factory, where the marabou storks wait patiently for the daily free feed of entrails.

Mr. Roberts is adding a research room to the factory where he will make his own studies of fish movements, their feeding habits and the effect of weather conditions and catches. He is also experimenting in crocodile farming and has at present sixty eggs which he is hoping to hatch. Since its start, little over six months ago, the industry which he created has grown into a flourishing concern.

COUNTING A CATCH ON LAKE BARINGO: Mr. David Roberts, who created the fishing industry on this lake in Kenya, counts a catch of tilapia, a fresh-water fish found in the lake, as it is thrown into his boat by native fishermen and their wives. On the right can be seen the open stern of one of the primitive native boats which are built of strips of wood similar to balsa.

THE DAY'S CATCH: A Njemps fisherman sits in the stern of his wooden boat as he brings it back to the shore loaded with a catch of tilapia. The fishermen are paid 20 cents a fish.

On right—

EMPTYING THE NETS: Fishermen empty their gill nets of a catch of tilapia. Each fisherman is allowed two of these nets with which he can fish anywhere in the huge lake.

INSPECTING FROZEN TILAPIA: Mr. Roberts and an African assistant inspect a packet of frozen fish in the small factory. The fish are filleted.

GUTTING TILAPIA: Njemps fishermen and their wives gut a catch of tilapia beside the edge of the lake. Mr. Roberts is allowed to deal with a total of 1,200 fish per day in his factory. The Fisheries Department decided on this figure after a survey.

Portrait of a Pharaoh

The Discovery of a Stone Head at Abusir, Near the Giza Pyramids

The discovery of the stone head of a Fifth Dynasty Pharaoh (about 2500 B.C.) at Abusir, seven miles south of the Giza Pyramids, has been described by Professor Hans Stock, Director of the German Archæological Institute, as being of "inestimable value." With the exception of several chips and scratches it is practically undamaged. It is the first Pharaoh's head wearing the crown of Lower Egypt to be uncovered and appears to form part of a sitting figure, although no trace of the rest of the body has yet been found.

The stone head was found by the team of Swiss-German archæologists under the mud of ancient Nile floods, below the ruins of a 400-sq.-yard temple of the sun. It is about 20 ins. high, and Professor Stock, one of the leaders of the expedition, has stated that the head is of schist, a layered stone which splits easily. "The unexpected find," he said, "is the crowning point of our three years' endeavour in Egypt. The Pharaoh's head of Abusir will surely be the focal-point of future scientific research." The excavations at the "sun temple" had been aimed at providing a knowledge of ancient architecture. Although the stone head has not yet been identified, an opinion has been put forward that it might be of the Pharaoh Userkaf who ruled eight years and was the first Egyptian king officially to become a worshipper of the sun-god Ra.

On left—
THE LEADERS OF THE SWISS-GERMAN TEAM OF ARCHÆOLOGISTS: Professor Hans Stock, Director of the German Archæological Institute (on the right), is seen with Dr. H. Ricke, of the Swiss Archæological Institute.

THE STONE HEAD OF AN UNIDENTIFIED PHARAOH OF THE FIFTH DYNASTY: It has been discovered at Abusir, seven miles south of the Giza Pyramids, by Swiss and German archæologists who have been working in the area for three seasons. The head is the first to be uncovered wearing the crown of Lower Egypt. No trace has yet been found of the rest of the figure.

THE PROFILE OF THE STONE HEAD: It is practically undamaged. *On right*—**A general view of the area in which the stone head was found during excavations on the ruins of a 400-sq.-yard temple of the sun at Abusir. The stone head has now been handed over to the Egyptian National Museum.**

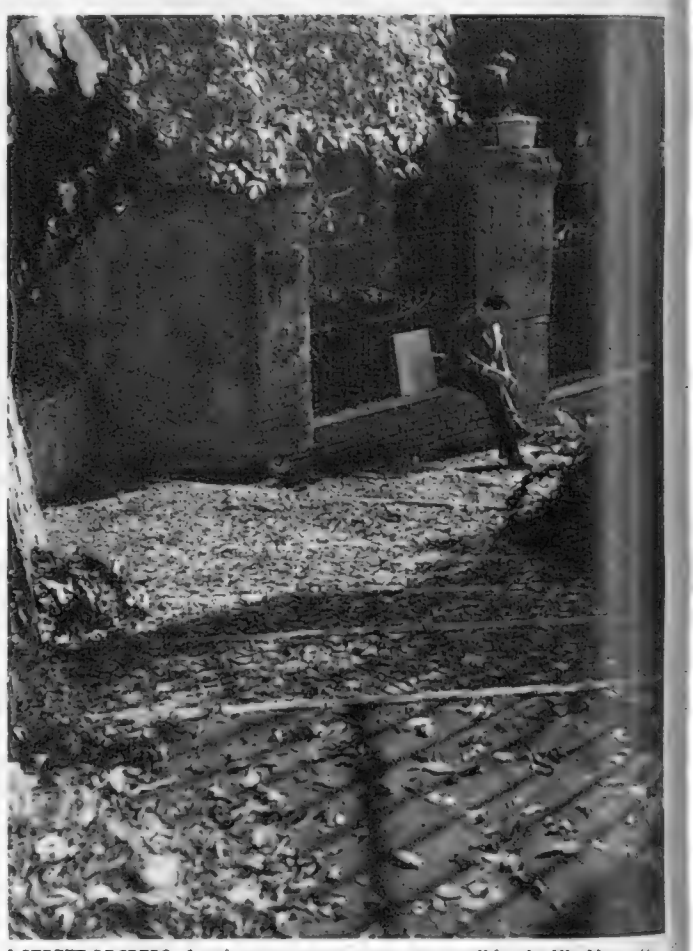
THE ROOF-TOPS OF ROME'S ARTISTS' QUARTER: The buildings in the foreground are in and around the Via Margutta, which is known as Rome's "Street of Artists." A narrow thoroughfare situated behind the Via del Babuino, in the centre of the city, it has recently been officially declared a historic area.

"STREET OF ARTISTS"

The Famous Via Margutta in Rome is to be Preserved as a Historic Area

It would be absurd to write of a Latin Quarter in Rome. But there are in the Eternal City certain areas and streets in which artists tend to congregate. One of these is the Via Margutta. It lies in the Corso and Quirinal district and runs behind the Via del Babuino. Margutta is said to have been a barber who flourished around the end of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the seventeenth. He lived in the narrow street of steps which now bears his name. It is possible that artists began to live there soon after his death. Certainly by the early nineteenth century it was a recognised artistic quarter and it was not, perhaps, without significance that John Keats died in a house in the near-by Piazza di Spagni in 1821.

Until about fifty years ago the tumbledown, shabby dwellings in the Via Margutta remained unspoiled. But then progress began to show itself. Old buildings were pulled down. More latterly a petrol pump was installed and commercial companies began to establish their offices in some of the artists' apartments. Inevitably some of the artists left. But an "old guard" hung on, strong in their belief that the Via Margutta should not lose its original character. Recently their stand has been rewarded. The street has been scheduled as a historic area and will be preserved by the authorities as Rome's "Street of Artists," by which title it is internationally known. It is to be hoped that its apartments will continue to inspire many painters.



A STREET OF STEPS: A painter pauses to rest on a wall in the Via Margutta. He has placed his canvases beside him. The steps up which he is climbing are one of the great attractions of the street.

THE TRADITIONAL GARRETS OF ARTISTS: These windows at the back of the Via Margutta are in apartments which belong for the most part to artists struggling for fame. The street, named after a sixteenth-century barber, has recently been losing character, but attempts to modernise it have been stopped.

A MOKE AS MODEL: A donkey poses for Maestroianni, a painter of animals. Artists began living in the street centuries ago, and until the beginning of this century its architecture was unspoiled.

AN ANCIENT ENTRANCE TO THE VIA MARGUTTA: Down the steps and through the archway may well have been the way in which Romans of the sixteenth century entered the street in their day.

A DANCING SCHOOL AT THE END OF THE STREET: It is the last building one passes going down the steps before leaving one end of the Via Margutta. Trees almost overhang its doorway. The decision to preserve the unique street means that it should remain a centre for genuine artists in Rome.

"LITTLE CAPRI": The studio of the painter Berta is in the oldest part of the Via Margutta. This section is known as the Piccolo Capri (Little Capri), and has many extremely picturesque buildings.

ONE OF THE MODERN SCHOOL: A model poses for Novella Parigini in her studio. An important feature of the Via Margutta is that many studios overlook courtyards, and have the necessary light.

A COURTYARD IN ROME'S "STREET OF ARTISTS": The card on the door on the left bears the name of the artist occupying the studio within. The court is typical of many in the street in which so many of the artists in Rome aspire to live because of its traditional association with artists of the past.

BY-PASSING THE HERTFORDSHIRE VILLAGE OF MARKYATE: Workmen are preparing the junction of the two roads outside the village. On the right is the narrow main road (A.5) which passes right through the village and on the left is the new by-pass which is expected to be opened in June. Much work is involved at this point as the level of the old road is higher than that of the new by-pass. For the time being this is adding to the congestion of the traffic through the village, where the speed limit is 15 m.p.h. and the width between the kerbs of the main street is only 16 ft. The work on the by-pass was begun in November, 1955.

Markyate By-Pass is Nearly Ready

The Road to By-Pass the Hertfordshire Village is Expected to be Opened in June; and a Further Stretch of Dual Carriageway on the Watford Way

SAFETY-FIRST FOR THE VILLAGERS: The footbridge for pedestrians has been built where the new by-pass crosses Hicks Road.

BY SUBWAY TO CHURCH: The subway is being constructed at the northern end of the by-pass and will link the church with the rest of the village. The new by-pass, which is situated to the north-east of the village, will form part of the main road from London to the Midlands.

On left—

THE DIFFERENCE IN LEVELS BETWEEN THE TWO ROADS: The height of the old thoroughfare has to be reduced to conform with that of the by-pass. Markyate's new road has an overall width of 60 ft. and some 10,000 tons of concrete are being used in its construction. It is costing £184,000.

On right—

A NEW DUAL-CARRIAGEWAY ON ONE OF LONDON'S MOST IMPORTANT BY-PASSES: It is on the Watford Way at Mill Hill, and forms part of the scheme to widen into a dual-carriageway one of London's most important by-passes. The scheme provides for 30-ft.-wide carriageways, a central reservation from 6 ft. to 20 ft. wide, and a lay-by at all bus-stops. Hendon Council is urging further improvements along this main road which is used by a vast volume of traffic travelling to and from the north.

BEFORE THE FINAL LAUNCHING OF A UNIQUE VESSEL : Members of the crew of the *Mayflower II* work on a yardarm before she takes to the water at Brixham, in Devon. The ship is a replica of the *Mayflower* which carried the Pilgrim Fathers in 1620. *Mayflower II* will shortly be sailed across the Atlantic where she will be presented to the American people as a lasting symbol of Anglo-American friendship and have a permanent berth at the Plimoth Plantation, in Massachusetts.

"MAYFLOWER II" PREPARES FOR HER VOYAGE

The Replica of the Pilgrim Fathers' Ship Will Soon Cross the Atlantic

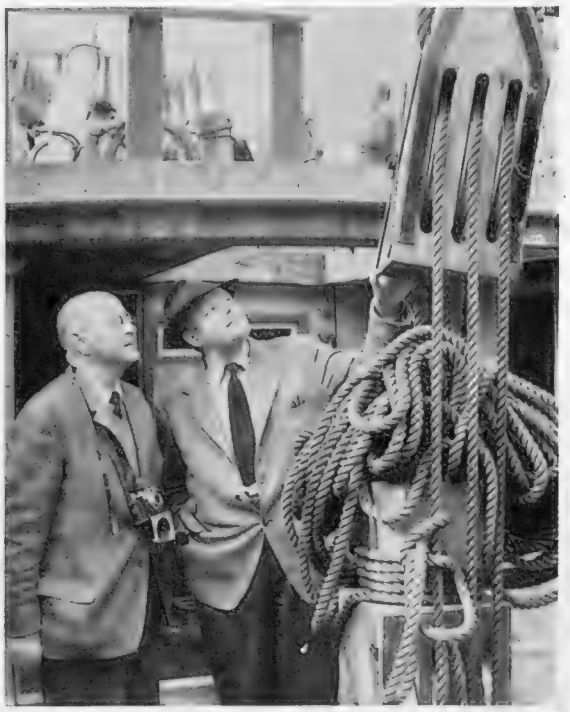
Mayflower II was officially launched at Brixham last year. Then her hull was put into a dry-dock in the yard of her builders, Messrs. J. W. and A. Upham, for fitting-out and completion. The sailing-out, or what might be termed final launching, of this replica of the Pilgrim Fathers' ship took place last week. It did not progress altogether as expected. A large crowd of spectators saw the ship pulled into the water by a tug and immediately start to list. As she went further on the water, she was at one time heeling to starboard at an angle of 15 degrees. Apparently she was not carrying enough ballast—only 80 tons. A further 10 tons were hurried out to her and when this had been lowered into the hold, the vessel righted herself.

It is to be hoped that in the sea-trials on which this unique vessel started almost at once, the right proportions of ballast for her safety have been gauged and that she is being found seaworthy in all respects. According to present plans, she should very soon make a brief visit to Plymouth, Devon, and from there set out across the Atlantic to Plymouth, in Massachusetts. A fortnight after her arrival she is scheduled to show herself to the people of New York, where she will spend over a month. Then she will return to Massachusetts to a permanent berth at the Plimoth Plantation, an American organisation which exists to preserve the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers.

The ship has been built with funds raised by the Mayflower Project, founded by a group of Britons whose purpose is to present *Mayflower* to the American people as a lasting symbol of Anglo-American friendship. She is a gift from Britain but embodies a common trans-atlantic endeavour. Built in Devon, her hull and keel are of English oak, her masts and spars of Canadian timber, her ropes and sails come from Scotland. Her designer is the American naval architect, Mr. William Baker.

"Mayflower II" Prepares for her Voyage

LOADING EXTRA BALLAST: Iron rails are lowered into the hold of *Mayflower II*. They were intended to correct the list which the replica of the Pilgrim Fathers' ship showed when she heeled over after entering the water. It was hoped tests on trials would soon ascertain the right ballast.



DESIGNER AND CAPTAIN: Mr. William Baker (left), the American naval architect, is the designer of *Mayflower II* and Commander Alan Villiers will be captain of the ship on her transatlantic voyage. They are here examining a replica of some of the heavy tackle used in the original *Mayflower*. The ropes were made by the Ropework Company, of Glasgow.

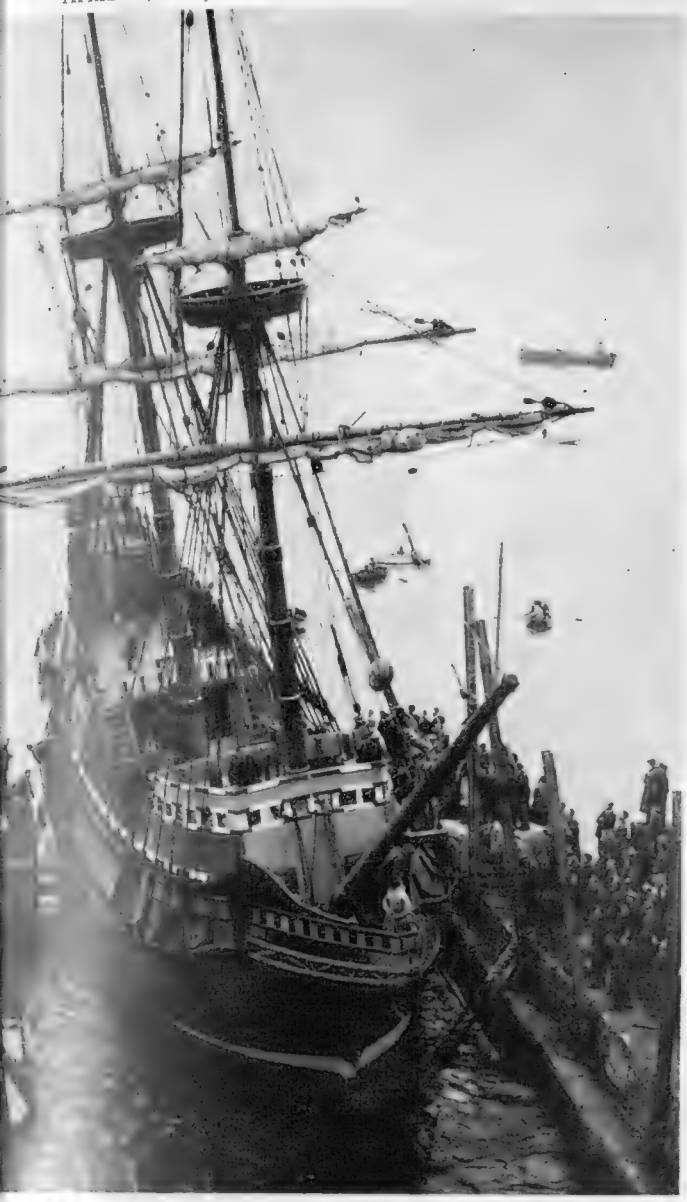
FIXING THE WHEEL: It will be used to steer *Mayflower II* on her long voyage over the Atlantic. However, in America a replica of the original rudder will be fitted.

ENTERING THE WATER: a slight list is not clear the dock.

THE SAILS COME ABOARD: The canvas was produced by the firm of Francis Webster and Sons at their Alma Works, in Arbroath, Scotland. Old documents and other information were carefully scrutinised to ensure that the woven cloth was of the right type for this historic project.

HOISTING THE CANVAS: Hands prepare to hoist the main topsail as the ship lies in the yard of Messrs. Upham, her builders, before her launch at Brixham.

A QUESTION OF BALLA rails. On right to starboard.



ched by spectators, the ship is pulled out by a tug at her stern. Already
e [illegible] for a few moments it was not certain whether *Mayflower II* would
ight—Later she lies comfortably on the sea and is ready for her trials.

ter the unexpected hazards of her launching, the crew relax against the
picture shows how, a short while earlier, the ship heeled about 15 degrees
found that there was insufficient ballast being carried in *Mayflower II*.

THE ROMANCE OF THE DRAGONFLY

No Group of Insects has a More Astonishing Life-history than that of the Dragonfly, Named Before Englishmen had Lost the Sense of Wonder

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

APRIL, it may be thought, is a little early to be talking about dragonflies. Most people are accustomed to think of dragonflies as creatures of the sunshine, of hot cloudless days, as creatures of high summer and early autumn. In point of fact, of course, in a normal year there are quite a few dragonflies on the wing in May, even in the first week of May, and in exceptional years you may see one or two on the wing as early as the third week in April. Prophecy is notoriously dangerous, but I believe that this is going to be an exceptional year for dragonflies. All the signs point to that.

I am fascinated by dragonflies. If the ants are the most highly organised of all insects (and of that there can be no doubt whatever), of all insects the dragonflies are the most romantic. That is, of course, my personal view. And I am under the necessity of defending it. Entomologists, particularly amateur entomologists, are men and women of strong feelings. I can hear the intake of breath, I can see the dilating nostrils of lovers of bees, of wasps, of butterflies, of the great hawk moths, of fleas. (And I would be the first to admit that true romance attaches to the flea: all history goes to prove that.) I, too, am an amateur entomologist, and I feel passionately about the dragonfly. I do not think that my assertion is at all difficult to maintain, even in face of the fiercest and most fanatical assault.

Consider only the name—Dragon Fly. Does not the very name breathe romance? And it is an old name. It first appeared in our literature some 400 years ago; and that means, of course, that it is very much older than a mere four centuries. In fact, the insect was christened before Englishmen had lost the sense of wonder.

There are other names, of course. The two popular country names are "Devil's Darning Needles" and "Horse Stingers." The former, I think, suggests a little apprehension, a little fear. Do you remember Alice's reply to the Gnat in *Through the Looking Glass*?

"What sort of insects do you rejoice in, where you come from?" the Gnat inquired.

"I don't *rejoice* in insects at all," Alice explained, "because I'm rather afraid of them—at least the large kinds."

And I believe that that remark is very true of a great many people and dragonflies.

The name "Horse Stinger" is based on a misapprehension. Not one of the many different kinds of dragonfly can sting, nor is capable of delivering a sting. It is strange, therefore, that they should have been given such a name by countrymen, for countrymen are, on the whole, good and careful observers. But if the name is faulty, the observation is good. Though the dragonfly has no sting, there can be no doubt at all that it is regarded with considerable misgiving by horses. Now that most of us live in towns, where dragonflies are by no means common and horses are increasingly infrequent, we have lost the realisation of this fear in the horse for the dragonfly. But you have only to watch the reactions of the semi-wild ponies of the New Forest, where dragonflies are abundant, to realise how good and careful the observation was. The pony will swish its tail at the gad and the clegg, stamp and toss at gnat and midge and all the lesser flies, but it will move away at once from the flight path of a dragonfly. I do not in the least understand why this should be so. I only know that it is so. Cows, by the way, regard dragonflies with the same placid indifference as they do farmers.

But the most astonishing thing about names is that not one of the forty-three different dragonflies which occur in Britain has ever acquired an individual name. Actually, not every dragonfly is in fact a dragon. Some are damsels. The group is divided into two smaller groups, the Anisoptera (the dragonflies) and the Zygoptera (the damselflies). There are twenty-seven dragonflies and sixteen damselflies; a delicate distinction, though one that is plainly visible. But to the countryman all are dragonflies. Not one has ever acquired a popular name. If you would distinguish one from another, it is the Latin or Greek name that you must use, supposing that you know them—a large supposition. And if you do, you will certainly be regarded as a *poseur*. In any case, how many people would know what you were talking about if, during a picnic, you remarked upon a passing *Leucorrhinia dubia*?

There have been attempts, of course, to introduce popular names. I think that the late Eric Parker's was the best, for he suggested that these brilliant insects should be given the names of colours and jewels. But still, no matter what the colour, what the size, damsel or dragon, all remain just dragonflies.

I have often wondered why this should be so. One can understand why such insignificant insects as ants should have no popular names. But dragonflies are not insignificant: they do not escape notice, rather they attract it: they are not small, and many of them are brilliantly coloured. Every butterfly has a popular name, and the more gorgeously coloured are known, by name at least, to every schoolboy. Even the moths have popular names; and they are night fliers, rarely seen save by the ardent collector. Yet what small boy does not know the names of the hawk moths? I think that the answer must lie with the caterpillar. The caterpillars of butterflies and moths may be found fairly easily, and kept, and even, perhaps, brought to maturity. The caterpillars are recognisable. How many would recognise the nymphs of the various dragonflies and damselflies?

But to return to the romance of the dragonfly. No group of insects has a more astonishing life-history than the dragonflies. Like some other insects, they have no complete metamorphosis: the usual four stages—egg, larva, pupa and imago—are reduced to three—egg, nymph and imago. Nymph is the word used to indicate the stage between the egg and the final crawling from the skin as a fully-winged insect; the stage which is passed

ONE OF THE MOST COMMON DAMSELFLIES: *Agrion splendens* is seen from the middle of May until mid-August. The picture is by S. Beaufoy, of Ipswich.

underwater. During this nymphal life there is no sudden change: growth is gradual, the skin being shed at intervals as the fly grows. With the fourth shedding —I believe that it is the fourth with every species, but I am not sure about that—there comes a considerable change, both internally (which is purely a matter for the specialists) and externally, for it is now that little by little the wings, in wing cases, appear.

Of course, the nymphs of the different kinds of dragonflies and damselflies are themselves different. They differ in shape and they differ in habits. Though, in fact, they are as different the one from the other as are the caterpillars of butterflies and moths, it takes a very long time and a great deal of practice before one can name the adult fly from a glance at the nymph. It is, indeed, an accomplishment I have never acquired.

But it is easy enough to distinguish between the nymphs of dragonflies and those of damselflies. Dragonfly nymphs are large and have very short anal appendages. Damselfly nymphs are slim and graceful, and they all have three long appendages (the caudal gills) which are really not at all unlike leaves in appearance.

All the nymphs live and breathe underwater. You will find them in running and still water—there are always a few in the fish-pond in my garden, and on more than one occasion I have found one (always a dragonfly nymph) in an old kitchen sink which I use as a bird bath—you will find them crawling about in the weeds, and you will find them buried in the mud. In these ways they differ. In one way they are all alike. They are all always hungry, and they will all attack anything that they believe they can kill and eat. Nymphs are the most voracious creatures.

Damselfly nymphs breathe by means of their caudal appendages: dragonfly nymphs breathe through their tails. But both have, in addition, little holes in the thorax by means of which they have direct communication with the air. They cannot, of course, use these while under the water, and generally they are only used when the nymph climbs out of the water for the final and greatest change of all. Incidentally, dragonfly nymphs also use their breathing apparatus for swimming. They project themselves forwards by expelling the water between the anal appendages, which is why dragonfly nymphs progress in a series of short jerks.

There is one other fascinating point about the nymph. And that is its "mask." The mask is a curious horny structure which is hinged under the head, so that when it is not in use it is folded back flat under the face and lies between the forelegs. On the mask there are two hooks which can be used independently at will. It is a remarkable weapon—a weapon that is unique in the animal kingdom—for the nymph is able to shoot it forward at great speed, use the hooks for seizing its prey, and then draw it in again so that the prey is brought to the mouth.

When it is fully-grown, the nymph leaves the water for the bank, and there splits its skin down the back and struggles out as a winged insect. But it is not at once a perfect dragonfly or damselfly. It does not become that for quite a while. First, as is the case with all insects, it has to dry, and the wings (which are all crumpled up) have to expand, and so does the abdomen (which is no thicker than a needle at the time of emergence from the nymphal skin), and this is achieved by swallowing large helpings of air and pumping the blood very rapidly. (I have watched this process on the irises by my fish-pond year after year now for some twenty years, and each summer it enthrals me anew.) Even so, it remains a soft, rather colourless, creature for several days. I think that colour on the wings of most of the dragonflies and damselflies comes with age: the older the fly the more brilliantly coloured.

And then, the mating. This again is quite astonishing. It may take place in the air or on some waterside plant: it depends on the species. (One species, fortunately, uses my irises.) The male clasps the female by the head. The female has a number of ridges on her head and neck, and the male seizes her by these with his anal appendages. The two are thus head to tail. The grip of the male must be very firm, for it cannot be an easy matter for the female to bend her body so that the pairing apparatus of the male (which is under the *second* segment of the abdomen) may come into contact with her own (which is under the *eighth* segment). If that was all it would be difficult and odd enough. But it becomes all the more odd, and a great deal more difficult—indeed, I do not know that the reason has ever been explained—when you realise that the reproductive organs of the male are, in fact, under the *ninth* segment of the abdomen.

The eggs are very small and pale yellow. Some species just drop their eggs into the water, some lay them on the stems or leaves of waterside plants and are very careful about it, some even climb down the stem of the plant and right under the water to lay their eggs. The eggs hatch very quickly, and the little nymph has then to face all the manifold dangers of the stream and pond, not least of which are hungry nymphs just a little bigger than itself.

Both dragonflies and damselflies are gifted with extraordinary sight. Their eyes are gigantic in proportion to the size of their bodies. This is driven home very forcibly when one compares the body of the largest English dragonfly with that of a house mouse: but the eye of the fly is of the same dimensions as that of the mouse. The eyes are compound, of course, made up of thousands of facets. This type of eye is exceptionally well adapted for the perception of movement, and it is because of this and their quite astonishing powers of flight that the dragonflies are such extremely efficient predators. They take their food on the wing, cutting it off in flight, and few, if any, bees, butterflies, wasps, beetles or other flies can escape them. Each dragonfly seems to have a particular territory or beat of its own, which it patrols regularly.

The flight is very swift: even that of the slender damselflies is much too swift for most other insects. It is certainly much too swift for the eye to follow closely. And it is also very powerful: many of the dragonflies migrate, undertaking journeys covering hundreds of miles. But speed and power is not the sum total of their accomplishment on the wing. All of them can twist and turn with unbelievable rapidity: all of them can hover, much more expertly than the kestrel or the hummingbird: and some at least have the quite unique ability of flying backwards as well as forwards. And they can go into reverse with no more than a brief check in flight.

And so one could go on. There is, I think, no end to the marvels, to the romance, of the dragonfly. The experts, of course, know all the essential facts: but the facts do not give the essence, barely hint at the romance, and will never do more. Here is a world we cannot enter, a world we can never explore fully. But what need to explore? Exploration is for the energetic of mind and body, and I am neither. I am content to lie and watch the jewels flashing in the summer sun.

"FAIR CITY" OF PERTH: A view which may come as a surprise to many who claim to know this Scottish city well. Buildings of many kinds cluster around the inner area of the port of Perth on the River Tay. In the left centre are some of the coasters which come into the harbour. In the far background are the arches of the famous Tay Bridge. Situated below the Grampians, Perth has for long been noted as the "Fair City." According to popular belief, it was founded by Agricola in A.D. 70. It was constituted a Royal burgh in 1210 and for over 200 years was the capital of Scotland. In the sixteenth century John Knox preached some of his famous sermons there, in St. John's Church. Among its modern distinctions, it is a centre of the dyeing industry and famous for its whisky.

THE FACE OF SCOTLAND

New Photographic Aspects of North Britain

A "NEW LOOK" FOR A FAMOUS NORTH BRITISH THOROUGHFARE: This picture was taken soon after the recent removal of the trams and their lines from the centre of Prince's Street, in Edinburgh. Traffic now flows more comfortably along this busy thoroughfare in the centre of Scotland's capital. In the left foreground is the 200-ft.-high Scott Memorial, which is just over 100 years old. The top balustrading is being removed and rebuilt, and the stonework repaired.

On left—

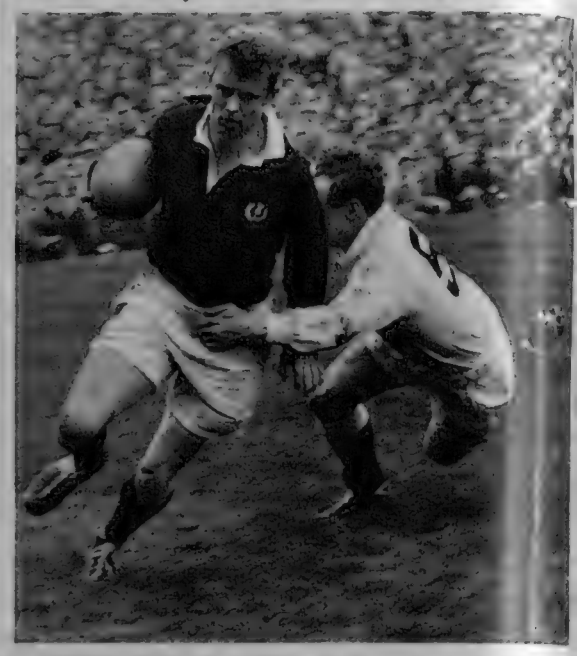
LOOKING DOWN ON GREENOCK, RENFREWSHIRE: This aerial picture gives a view of the seaport and the shipyards of the town. Besides its being a centre for both shipping and ship-building, Greenock also contains sugar and oil refineries.

A WELSH ATTACK ON THE FRENCH LINE: A line of Welsh forwards sweep down on the French goal-line during the international match at the Colombes Stadium, near Paris. The game was hard-fought and Wales were lucky to win it by 19 points to 13. Due to injuries to two of the French players, Wales had to face a depleted team.

RUGBY IN RETROSPECT

A Commentary on this Season's Internationals

by VIVIAN JENKINS



A SCOTTISH WING IN ACTION: A. R. Smith, of Scotland, is tackled by England's P. H. Thompson, during this year's game, which England won by 16 points to 3.

Three months ago I wrote in these columns that this might well prove to be England's year in the international Rugby sphere, and so indeed it has proved. Small consolation, perhaps, for one whose loyalties should be committed elsewhere, but at least a crumb of comfort! Thus the evidence of the early trial matches was borne out, and the form book for once upheld. Even so, few could have expected the triumph to be quite so complete. Four victories in a row forced Wales, Ireland, France and Scotland to bend the knee in succession. The last scenes at Twickenham, with Eric Evans borne aloft by his team-mates before the Queen, made a lasting memory for all those fortunate enough to be there.

It did not escape notice at the time that the last occasion when England had carried off this "Quadruple Crown," as it were, was in 1927-28, when another naval President, Admiral Sir Percy Royds, had been at the head of the Rugby Union's affairs. Thus Rear-Admiral Osborne, the first to represent the Senior Service in that office since, can be said to have worthily upheld its traditions; and it was apt that he should fill the Calcutta Cup with champagne for the teams at the dinner after the match—a new and appropriate way of splicing the mainbrace. This was the seventh time that England has succeeded in beating all four countries in a season.

It happened twice before the First War, in 1912-13 and 1913-14, when Poulton-Palmer and Pillman, and C. N. Lowe were in their prime, and W. J. A. Davies had appeared on the scene to take over the mantle of Adrian Stoop; and four times in the '20's, when Wakefield and his incomparable pack were sweeping all before them. By that time, too, Davies and Kershaw, in partnership, had set a standard for half-back play which has rarely, if ever, been exceeded. It follows that those with an itch for comparison will want to measure this present England side against their distinguished predecessors, but, lacking visible proof, that would be idle speculation. Suffice to say that it is by any standards an uncommonly good team, armed at almost every point, if not quite all, and singularly fortunate in the team spirit so assiduously nurtured by Mr. Catcheside and his co-selectors and centred on the captain, Eric Evans.

It includes at least half a dozen players ready for the hall of fame in any era. Jackson, on the right wing, for instance, a weaving, intangible wraith, whose penchant for turning up in unexpected places gave the lie to those who aver that wings nowadays want everything handed to them on a platter; Marques, whose line-out work has been equalled in post-war years only by Roy John, of Wales; Higgins, Ashcroft and Robbins, a back-row trio who played a decisive part in every match; and Jeeps, who was not only scrum-half, but forward and full-back as well when occasion demanded, and equal to every role.

Indeed, for consistency over the four matches, in fair weather and in foul, the tough little Northampton man stood out alone, even in this company. Of the other backs Thompson, on the left wing, added to his reputation as forthright thruster, hard to pull down; Butterfield, if not quite as prominent as in the past, still bore the look of class which has made him one of the most satisfying of post-war centres to watch; and Bartlett, at fly-half, did all that was required of him, and more, in a role which some had felt might prove beyond him.

Only seventeen players were called on throughout the season, one of the changes being inevitable when full-back Allison broke his jaw, making way for Challis. The other, which brought in W. P. C. Davies for Cannell in the centre, was less understandable, well as Davies performed. Cannell had been outstanding in the trial matches, and looked the most thrustful England back against Wales before being dropped, unluckily, as I thought, after the game against Ireland. However, the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the selectors, obviously, need only point to the results to justify their case. With all this strength at their command, and reserves of the quality of Woodward, Sykes, Horrocks-Taylor, D. G. S. Baker, J. E. Williams, N. C. G. Raffle, M. R. M. Evans, P. J. Taylor, V. G. Roberts, and a host of others pressing on behind, England seem set to rule the Rugby roost for some time. Indeed, with such an abundance of talent, their 2nd XV might equally well have won the championship.

That, paradoxical as it may sound, does not mean that the other countries can be lightly dismissed. International Rugby hangs on far too fine a thread for that. Wales, in spite of palpable shortcomings behind the scrum, ran England to the margin of a mere penalty goal at Cardiff in January, and had not a wing three-quarter foolishly—one had almost said criminally!—stepped offside a few yards from his own goalposts, these eulogies might not have been written. England were undeniably the better side, and might have won by another 10 points, but results are not always what they should be. Wales, certainly, can congratulate themselves on as fine a pack of forwards as any they have produced in late years, with the timeless Stephens staging an astonishing come-back. But behind the scrum the cupboard is bare indeed. Apart from T. E. Davies, at full-back, none of the outsides can look forward with confidence to retaining his place next season. Even the mercurial Cliff Morgan suffered a decline, which his admirers, among whom I still number myself, hope will be only temporary.

Scotland flattered to deceive after disposing of France and Wales in their first two matches, and have yet to find the material behind the scrum to capitalise on the magnificent efforts of the men in it. Greenwood has led his pack superbly, and, if they cracked in the last ten minutes against England's superior weight, this was the only flaw in a season of splendidly sustained effort.

K. J. F. Scotland seems to have made his place at full-back safe for some time to come, but the search for a fly-half continues unabated. Four were tried in the course of the season, and it may well be that the nineteen-year-old G. H. Waddell, now that he has been through the fire of a Calcutta Cup match, may eventually prove the answer. As it was, the pace and fire of A. R. Smith and Allen on the wings went largely unexploited. McClung and Macdonald, in the centre, tackled like heroes against England, but attack, too, is needed.

Ireland, too, can be held to have had a disappointing season. With a big and fast three-quarter line, including the *enfant terrible* of the 1955 South African tour, A. J. O'Reilly, and Kyle still available at fly-half, they could be excused for hoping for big things. Kyle, true,

SCOTLAND BEAT WALES AT MURRAYFIELD: The Scottish scrum-half, A. F. Dorward, breaks from a set scrum as a Welsh forward (extreme right) comes across to challenge him. Backing up in the centre is Scotland's hooker, R. K. G. MacEwan. The stout tactics of the Scottish pack resulted in a Welsh defeat by 9 points to 6 in a well-fought match.

AN ENGLISH FORWARD IN FULL CRY: R. Higgins, of England, thrusts his way out of a high tackle by G. K. Smith, of Scotland, to score England's last try in the international at Twickenham. The English victory over Scotland was an outstanding one.

THE CLIMAX OF AN ENGLISH ATTACK: P. H. Thompson, the English wing, plunges over the Scottish line to score England's second try in this year's Calcutta Cup match. The Scottish forwards played with dash, but the thrust of the English backs was too strong.

OFF TO A FLYING START: R. E. G. Jeeps, the Northampton and England scrum-half, throws out a long pass from the scrum to get his three-quarters moving in the international against Wales at Cardiff Arms Park, which England won by 3 points to nil. Two of the Welsh forwards can be seen on the right already racing into position to meet the coming English attack. During all four internationals the stamina and ranging tactics of the Welsh pack were one of the finest points of the Welsh sides.

scored the finest individual try of the season, against France, and showed no falling off in form generally, but a wet day at Cardiff and two unkind penalty goals, plus the inability to hold seven England forwards in Dublin, put paid to their hopes. Mention of Kyle, who now has forty-three caps, reminds one that next season, barring accidents, he is likely to overtake Ken Jones, whose forty-four for Wales is at present the record; and mention of Jones prompts regret that in his long career so little use was made of his scoring potential by the men inside him. Rarely can such superb material have been so basely misused.

As for France, saddled with the wooden spoon, they must be the best team that has ever lost all four matches, and can blame the weather for most of their misfortunes. Against Scotland and Ireland they had to struggle as best they might with teeming rainstorms which altogether upset their apple-cart, and against England at Twickenham conditions were little better. Yet they gave the champions one of their hardest games—a real fright, in fact—and against Wales, when the right kind of weather came along, were pursued instead by injuries. Yet Bouquet, their fly-half, looked the best in the five countries, if not in the world, and when the ball was moving for them, they scored some of the most thrilling combined tries in the series. In South Africa, where they go on tour at the end of next season, they may surprise even the Springboks on the hard grounds there. On the subject of tours, we have been much entertained by a laudably carefree South African Universities' team, who left many friends behind them; and doubtless the Barbarians, in keeping with tradition in their case, will perform a similar function in Canada, whither they depart for six matches at the end of this month. Lastly, no review of the season would be complete without offering one's congratulations to Devon on winning the county championship for the first time for forty-five years. No finer thing could have happened for the game, nor any worthier band of Rugby men achieved it.

ENGLAND VERSUS IRELAND IN DUBLIN: Mulligan, Ireland's scrum-half, dribbles the ball out of a loose maul during the match with England. Close behind is England's captain, Eric Evans. Heading the Irish forwards are O'Sullivan and Gordon Wood. The match ended in an English victory by a try and a penalty goal to nil.

Ashcroft in Arden

Peggy Ashcroft in "As You Like It" at Stratford; New Productions at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, and the Royal Court Theatre

Miss Ashcroft returns to Stratford for the ninety-eighth Shakespeare season and the twenty-fifth birthday of the present theatre building. She is playing Rosalind in *As You Like It*, the first production of the season, and Imogen in *Cymbeline*, when it comes into the repertory on July 2. *As You Like It* has also been chosen for the Royal Matinee, which the Queen and Prince Philip will attend on June 14. The other plays this year are *King John* (April 16); *Julius Cæsar* (May 28); and *The Tempest* (August 13). During the first months, another Stratford Memorial Theatre company will be playing abroad, led by Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh in Peter Brook's 1955 production of *Titus Andronicus*. They will visit the Paris and Vienna Festivals and Belgrade and Zagreb in Yugoslavia.

Below—

"AS YOU LIKE IT" AT STRATFORD: Left to right in the group are Doreen Aris (Phebe); Robert Arnold (Silvius); Peggy Ashcroft (Rosalind); Donald Eccles (Corin); and Jane Wenham (Celia).

IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN: A scene from Glen Byam Shaw's production of *As You Like It*, first production of the season at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, where the ninety-eighth Shakespeare season began on Tuesday of last week. On the left, Richard Johnson (Orlando) carries James Wellman (Adam) into the outlaws' camp. Scenery and costumes are designed by Motley and incidental music is by Clifton Parker.

PHILOSOPHY FROM A DUSTBIN: Christine Tsingos and Georges Adet as the parents of the blind cripple, central character in Samuel Beckett's new play *Fin de Partie* at the Royal Court Theatre. *On right*—Robert Blin as the cripple, with his servant (played by Jean Martin). The new creation of the author of *Waiting for Godot* was performed in French. It carried on the theme of the earlier play and was produced by M. Blin. With it was a short mime play, *Acte Sans Paroles*, by Mr. Beckett, and performed by Deryk Mendel. Last Wednesday another play by a young dramatist who had an early success—*Look Back In Anger*—was produced at the Royal Court. This was *The Entertainer*, by John Osborne, with Sir Laurence Olivier in the leading part.

INTERVIEW WITH A POPE: Ernest Milton as Pope Paul, Donald Wolfit as Sigismondo Malatesta and Rosalind Iden as his wife, Isotta da Rimini, in a tense scene from Henry de Montherlant's *Malatesta* at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. *Malatesta* gives Donald Wolfit, as the brutal Renaissance lord of Rimini, many opportunities for powerful, dramatic characterisation, and his private audience with the Pope, whom he intends to murder, is particularly effective, for its clash between his violence and the Papal subtlety conveyed by Ernest Milton. In another great scene Malatesta's wife secures his freedom after the Pope's victory. In the end, Malatesta is poisoned by the writer he has engaged to write a flattering account of his life. The play was translated from the French by Jonathan Griffin.

SCOTLAND'S PIPELINE TO GRANGEMOUTH

GRANGEMOUTH REFINERY—AT THE END OF SCOTLAND'S PIPELINE: Oil is pumped overland for nearly 60 miles from Finnart, on Loch Long, to Grangemouth, on the Firth of Forth. The refinery there was opened in 1924 but has expanded greatly since the war.

After the last war it was decided to expand the oil refinery at Grangemouth, on the Firth of Forth. It was soon realised, however, that the dock facilities required would be greater than could be reasonably provided there. With 28,000-ton tankers ordered, and even larger ones envisaged, it was necessary to find another site with deeper water where large tankers would be able to dock.

The site chosen was Finnart, on Loch Long; this has the necessary deep water and is readily accessible from the Firth of Clyde. Now the very largest tankers can be berthed at the Finnart terminal, including the 60,000-ton ships being planned in the shipyards of the nearby Clyde.

The depot, which was opened in March 1951, has four of the largest crude oil tanks in Britain, each with a capacity of about 20,000 tons. The sea trip from the Middle East to Finnart is about a day shorter than to Grangemouth. Last year 100 tankers ranging from 10,000 tons up to 30,000 tons discharged their oil at the depot.

From Finnart the crude oil is taken across country to the refinery at Grangemouth by pipeline. To avoid built-up areas and prevent excessive damage to farmland, the pipe was constructed across much rocky ground and moorland. It is buried throughout its length and passes under rivers, roads, railways and the Forth and Clyde Canal.

THE TANKER DOCKS AT FINNART: This typical West Highland scenery at the Loch Long depot provides a complete contrast to the busy scene at the oil refinery at the Grangemouth end of the pipeline, in Scotland's industrial belt. Finnart is a shorter sea trip from the Middle East than Grangemouth.

IN THE PUMPING STATION: These pumps are able to maintain a pressure of 1,000 lb. per square inch in the depot. The crude oil is pumped through a buried pipeline for 57 miles across hilly country.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

OIL THROUGH THE DESERT

Israel's military efficiency was abundantly demonstrated by the speed with which the Egyptian Army was routed last November. But the people of the Jewish state surrounded by jealous Arab neighbours are not only efficient in war. They can consolidate their strength after victory. An excellent example of this is the pipeline from Eilat to Beersheba, which should be functioning within the next few days.

For a long time before November of last year Egypt denied Israel right to use the Suez Canal. Nasser had also blocked the end of the Gulf of Aqaba by his hold on the Isle of Tiran. In spite of the Israeli victory, the Suez Canal still remains an international problem. But by capturing Tiran, the Israelis did open the sea passage to their southernmost port.

Immediately, full advantage was taken of this. It was decided that oil tankers could come up the Gulf and unload at Eilat. From there, said the Israelis, the answer was a pipeline. The Mekorot Water Company was put in charge of the planning and under its distinguished Chief Planning Engineer, Mr. Wiener, a beat-the-clock project was put in hand. The object: a pipeline from Eilat to Beersheba to be completed within the shortest possible time.

What the Israelis have done is to lay the line in about 100 days over 140 miles of very difficult country, varying from desert plains to mountains. It is a line of pipes about 8 ins. in diameter and it should supply about half the present needs of the country for crude oil. All the pipes and all the necessary apparatus have been supplied from Israeli sources, notably the big pipe works at Ramle. Only the diesels for pumping the oil along the line have been imported.

From Beersheba an extension of the line is already being laid to Sukreir, south of Jaffa.

A TERMINAL IN A REMARKABLE ENGINEERING FEAT: The pipes run to a storage tank under construction outside Eilat. From this port on the Gulf of Aqaba, the Israelis have built a 140-mile-long pipeline to Beersheba in about 100 days.

On left—

THE PIPELINE READY FOR LAYING: Each section is 36 ft. long and 8 ins. in diameter. Laid with amazing speed through desert and mountainous country, the line will carry about half Israel's annual internal need of crude oil.

On right—

THE RAW MATERIALS: In a factory at Ramle rollers force piping into shape. Almost all the pipeline equipment was made in Israel.

TWO STAGES IN THE PRODUCTION OF PIPES: *Left*—Sections of steel pipe are welded together in the works at Ramle. *Right*—The finished pipes are loaded on to railway trucks for transport to Beersheba to be used in the final stage of the pipeline. It is planned to continue the line from Beersheba to the Mediterranean coast, from where the oil will be transported to refineries. Eventually there may be a wider oil pipeline right through from Eilat to the Mediterranean coast.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

GRESS IS BEING MADE ON THE VELSEN TUNNELS NEAR AMSTERDAM : They are being built beneath the North Sea Canal and this picture shows the frames of the tunnels receiving their coverings. The main tunnel is for vehicular traffic, while the smaller one, on left, is for the railway. Until they are ready, traffic wishing to cross the canal will continue to use the Velsen ferry. In the past this has caused great hold-ups on the road which the canal cuts—the main link between Haarlem and Alkmaar.

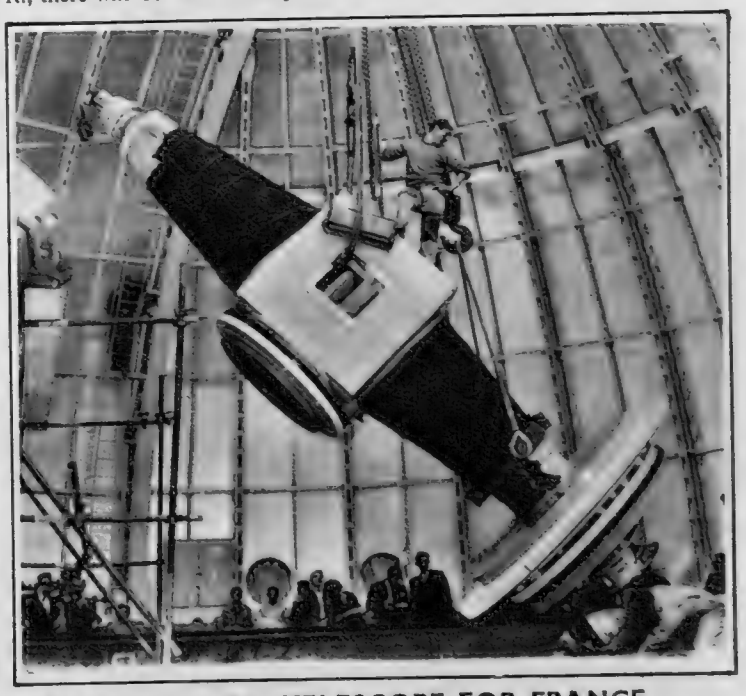
NEW TUNNELS FOR HOLLAND

lthough work on the new Velsen tunnels actually started in May 1941, it was suspended in the following year and not med again until early in 1952. A new plan was then made the part of the tunnel for vehicular traffic, which had been structed, was demolished. The two tunnels are being built eath the North Sea Canal at a point about 500 yards east of Velsen ferry. Sections are being built in an open building it, and in their construction use is being made of mobile steel ttering, a method which has been developed from the British "Blow Knowe" patent. Shutterings of this type can be used again and again and do not become a dead loss. When the concrete has set, the vertical wall of the inner shuttering is pulled inwards and moved off. This is then followed by the removal of the outer shuttering. If wooden shuttering had been chosen, enormous quantities of timber would have been required.

The total length of the railway tunnel will be 10,577 ft., of which 6,666 ft. will be enclosed. In the other tunnel, which will have a total length of 5,380 ft., there will be two roadways.

OVERSEAS TESTS FOR A BRITISH TRACTOR

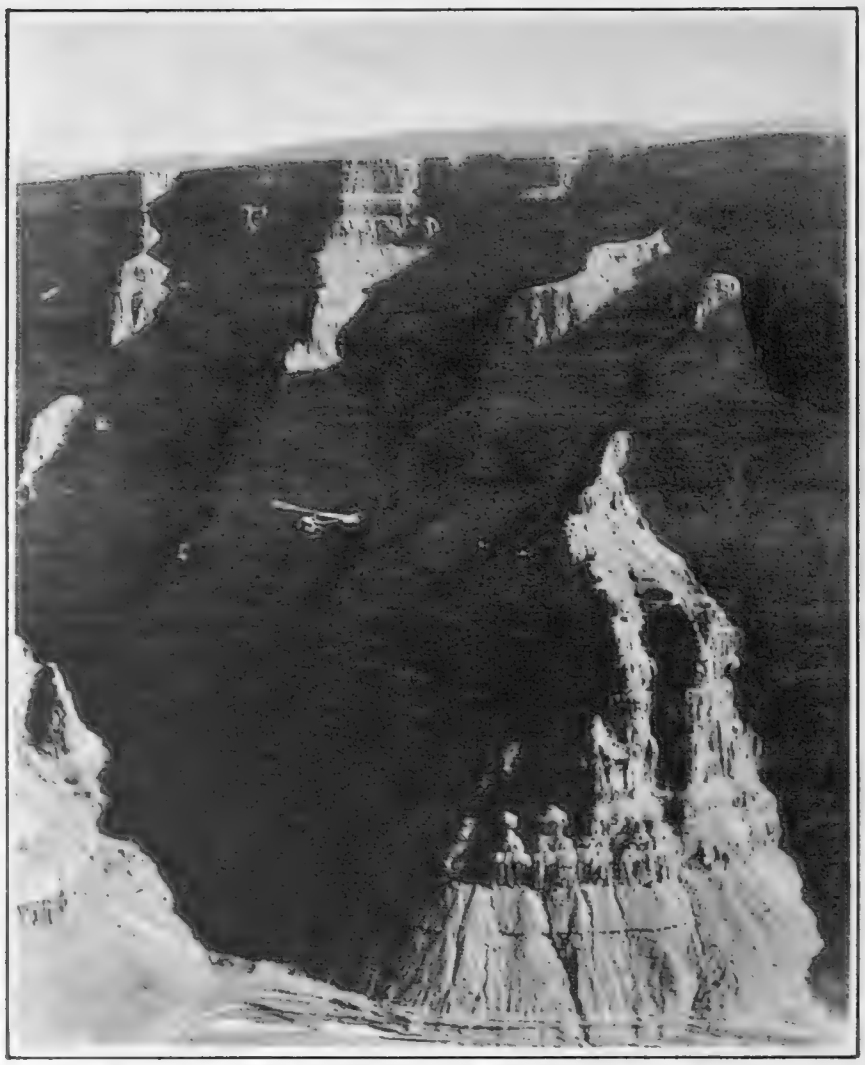
The Vickers Vikon, which is seen drawing an Onions' tractor, is at work on the slopes of Devil's Peak at the Zonnebloem Sports Ground in Cape Town, preparing the second of two sports fields for non-Europeans. It is a pre-production model and is being tried out in nine countries in order to determine its performance under different conditions. The model has been lent to Cape Town City Council for use by State, Provincial and Municipal departments, as well as by private contractors, for trial periods of about six weeks Vikon has a super-charged 4-cylinder Rolls-Royce oil engine. A bigger machine, the Vigor, has a super-charged 6-cylinder oil-engine.



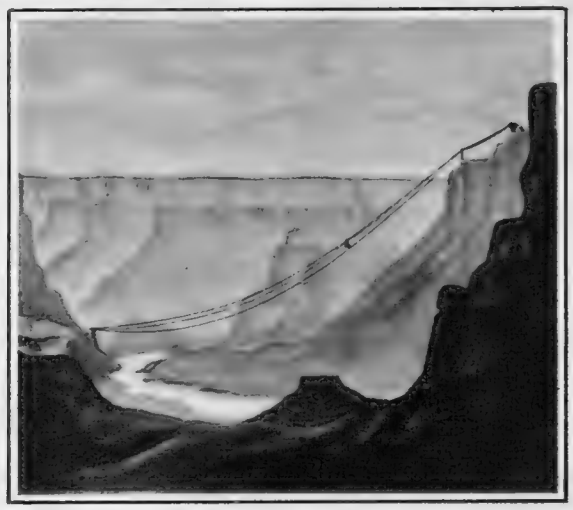
PREPARING A BIG TELESCOPE FOR FRANCE

The giant axle for the main telescope at the observatory at St. Michel de Provence, in Southern France, is being lowered into position inside the aluminium dome. It had been lifted by crane through the opening in the cupola and the operation was watched by many people. The workman who is standing on the axle is about 45 ft. above ground-level. The mirror, weighing a ton and a half, is being polished in Paris. When completed, the telescope will be the second biggest in the world.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

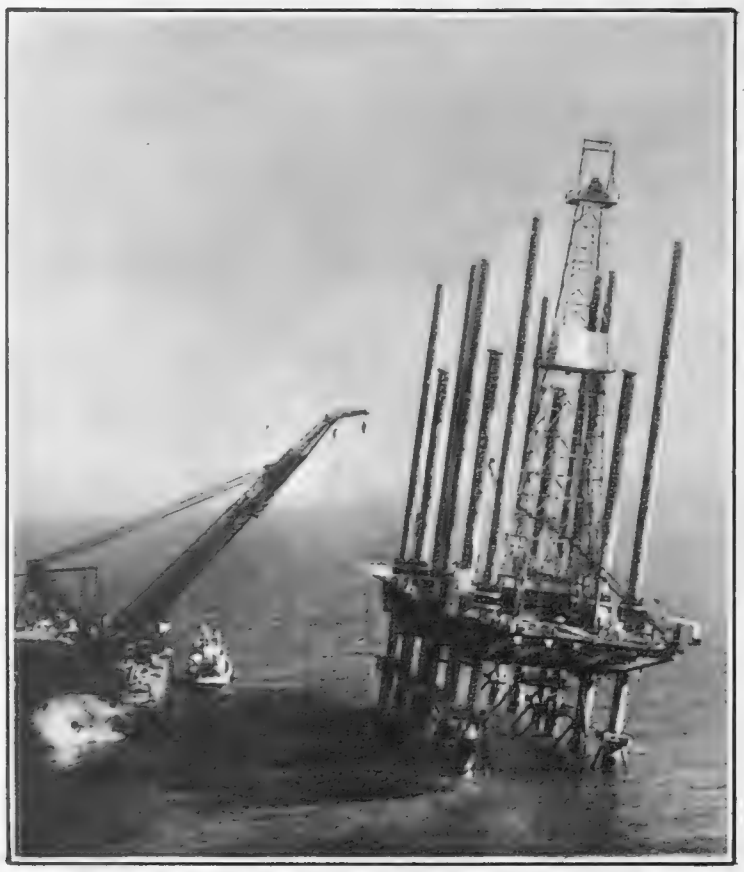


ABOVE THE GRAND CANYON IN COLORADO: This Bell 47 helicopter is being used by the Consolidated Western Steel Division of the United States Steel Corporation to lay the cables for a single-span freight tramway now being built in the Grand Canyon. When completed the tramway will be used by the U.S. Guano Corporation to transport bat guano from a cave in the canyon to the southern rim where it will be discharged.



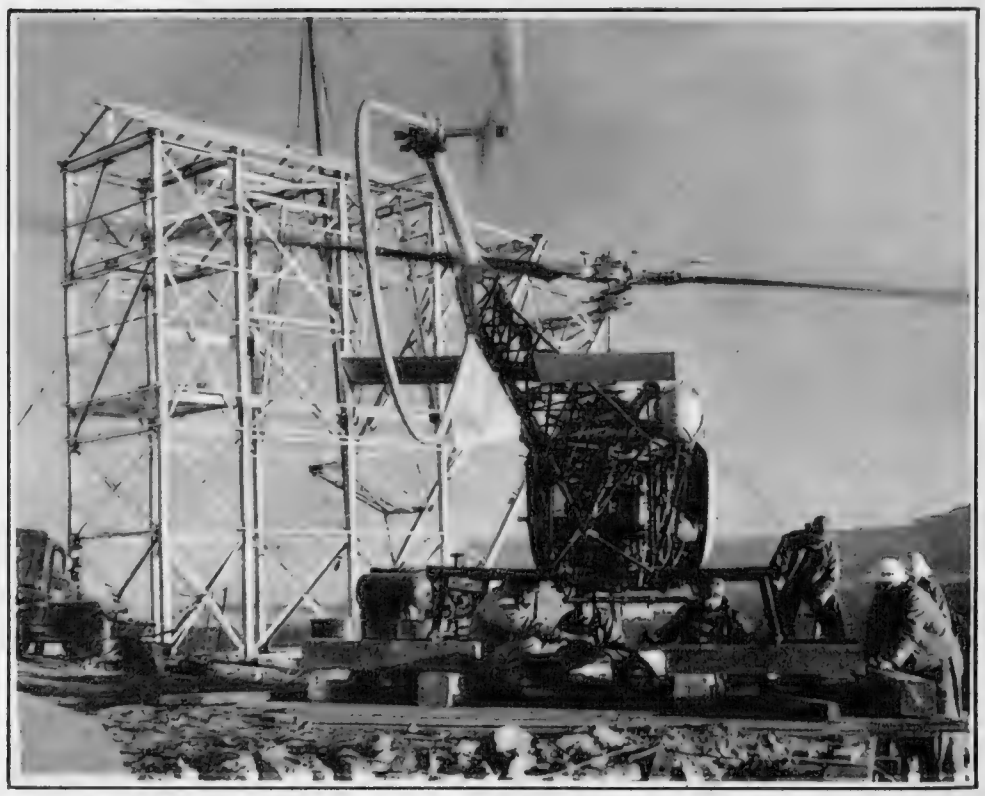
CABLE-LAYING BY HELICOPTER

CONSTRUCTING AN AERIAL TRAMWAY: *Above*—A Bell 47 helicopter takes off from the top of the south rim of the Grand Canyon on a cable-laying flight to the bottom of the gorge about a mile and a half away and 2,911 ft. below the starting-point. From between the runners of the helicopter the cable can be seen unwinding from a specially designed reel. The man at lower right, foreground, is holding the cable to ensure it does not foul while coming out of the drum, while a second man in the background stands ready with an axe to cut the line if it should become snarled and endanger the helicopter. *On left*—An artist's impression of the completed freight tramway. The guano will be carried from Bat Cave, about 600 ft. above the Colorado River (on left), to a discharge point near the upper tower of the cable tramway at right.



AN OIL RIG NEAR COLLAPSE

AFTER A SEA-BED SUBSIDENCE IN THE GULF OF MEXICO: An oil rig used in offshore drilling lies tilted at an angle of 8 degs. off Corpus Christi, Texas, after the sea-bed of the Gulf of Mexico had given way beneath it. Later it collapsed and fell into the sea. The long steel stilts join the upper barge, seen in the air, with a lower barge which is submerged on the floor of the Gulf to provide stability for the structure. When the subsidence took place the upper barge carrying the rig, derrick and all the drilling equipment was being lowered to the surface in preparation for a move of several miles to a new site. The crew were taken off the structure immediately after the subsidence. The huge floating crane at left was brought in to help in setting the rig and steel derrick back to the upright before moving the structure. But the sudden arrival of high winds and heavy seas prevented any attempt from being made at driving fresh piles to support the rig before it collapsed.



BEFORE THE TAKE-OFF FROM THE TOP OF THE CANYON: The helicopter warms up before beginning its run across the 2,911-ft. deep gorge while paying out approximately 11,500 ft. of ½-in. construction cable. When the first four cables are in position the 1-in. track cable will be suspended from three giant steel towers. In the background can be seen the upper steel tower.

Fire Disrupts Station

Services at Cannon Street in London have had to be Cut

THE BURNT-OUT SIGNAL BOX AT CANNON STREET STATION: It stands on the railway bridge over the Thames; Southwark Bridge is in the background. The box, which was destroyed by fire on Friday of last week, cannot be replaced for full facilities until about next December. Until early in May all trains entering or leaving the station will have to be hand signalled. Then it is hoped to bring into use a temporary power-operated signal box which will enable the very restricted services to be improved a little. No steam trains will be using Cannon Street until further notice as these take longer to deal with than do electric trains. Season tickets to or from Cannon Street Station are being honoured at Holborn Viaduct, Blackfriars, Charing Cross and Victoria Stations. They also enable holders to travel freely between these stations on London Transport trains.

DESERTED PLATFORMS: In the centre of the picture is the gutted signal box. This view was taken during what is normally a rush-hour. *Below*—Trains at rest in an unusually quiet Cannon Street Station. Numerous changes in services from the suburbs and Southern England have had to take place as a result of the fire.

SILENT MARCHERS ENTER WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL: Preceded by a cross-bearer, the head of a procession of 40,000 Roman Catholic men enters the door of Westminster Cathedral after marching from Hyde Park on Passion Sunday. The Silent March was held as a demonstration of sympathy with oppressed Christians under atheistic rule. Before making its way to the Cathedral the procession assembled in Hyde Park, where the marchers were addressed by Father Donald Proudman, a Dominican Friar. In his sermon he said, "Usually when men march they are marching to war. To-day you are marching to peace. If there is a war, your war will be that of prayer." In front of the leading column was carried a crucifix. Behind it walked the Catholic Peers and Members of Parliament and representatives of Poland, Czechoslovakia, White Russia, Hungary and the Baltic countries under Communist rule.

THE LEADING COLUMN LEAVES HYDE PARK: Preceded by a crucifix and a Dominican Friar, the procession begins to move off to Westminster Cathedral.

Catholics March in London

40,000 Demonstrate their Sympathy for Oppressed Christians

LISTENING TO THE SERMON IN HYDE PARK: Some of the 40,000 men who took part in the procession on Passion Sunday can be seen in this picture listening to a preliminary sermon delivered in Hyde Park by a Dominican Friar, Father Donald Proudman.

The Sphere of Travel

GERMANY'S UPPER RHINELAND

South of Mainz the Towns and Countryside Offer Varied Holidays

By GORDON COOPER

MOST British holidaymakers regard the Rhineland as beginning at Cologne and terminating at Bingen or Rudesheim, and even this stretch of the river is usually shortened by making Coblenz the starting-point of a river-journey, instead of Cologne. This forty-mile sector is certainly the romantic highroad of German tourism; every ruined castle has its sinister story, every pinnacle of rock a legend. While I would not wish to detract from the delights of these tales, which, incidentally, had their foundation just over 150 years ago when two German poets, von Arnim and von Brentano, first discovered this countryside, yet I feel that there are more solid rewards awaiting the traveller who decides to continue his journey farther south from Mainz.

Mainz itself is a fascinating city, with a very long history, for it was a Celtic settlement which later became an important Roman town. In the Middle Ages it was famous for the splendour and power of the Archbishops who ruled it and made it the most powerful stronghold on the Rhine. For many visitors, however, its main appeal is its claim to be the birthplace of Gutenberg and the first home of printing from movable type.

This illustrious son of Mainz is commemorated in various ways; including a Johannes Gutenberg Museum, and by a statue and a square which is named after him. The museum is particularly interesting, for here book-lovers may see such rare works as the forty-two-line Bible, the Mainz Psalter, the Book of Hours of Charles the Bold, and some of the first volumes ever to come from a printing press.

The twelfth-century cathedral has a striking red sandstone exterior, while its interior contains many interesting tombstones, some dating back to the thirteenth century. Then, the Roman-Germanic Museum is one of the most important in Germany, affording a comprehensive survey from prehistoric to Merovingian times. It contains such treasures as the "Jupiter Column," dedicated to the god Jupiter and to Nero by the Roman citizens of Mainz.

Mainz is famed for two other things: its culture and its tradition of good living—perhaps the two go naturally together! Through its Max-Planck Institute of Chemistry, its Academy of Science and Letters, and its Institute for European History, the University ranks high in educational facilities. Regarding gastronomy, you will find here ancient wine-houses which provide the best of wines and food, in a delightful atmosphere. Altogether, you can be very happy in this hospitable city, and should your visit coincide with its Carnival, its Wine Festival, or its Gutenberg Week, you will undoubtedly find that few towns in the Rhineland excel the joys of Mainz.

Continuing south along the Rhine, Worms is the next city of outstanding appeal. It is, of course, the true home of the famous Liebfraumilch wine, and the church from which it takes its name is surrounded by vineyards, right to its very walls. Much of the wine marketed under this designation comes, however, from much farther afield.

Worms, like Mainz, dates back to early times. Its strategic position in the Rhine Valley has made it the scene of much fighting. Under the German kings its importance grew, and it was in nearby meadows that the Concordat was signed in 1122, which brought peace between the Emperor Henry V and Pope Callixtus II.

Of all the events in the long history of Worms, the most colourful was surely the scene of rejoicing, on July 20, 1235, when the Emperor Frederick II, "the Wonder of the World," was married in the cathedral to Isabella, daughter of England's King John and sister of Henry III. Accounts have been preserved of the Princess's presents, which included "tables and tablets of Sardinian ivory, and a chess-board and men in an ivory casket."

The Emperor, in return, sent King John three leopards and other offerings. Frederick, in fact, travelled around with a menagerie, hence his curious choice of gifts. Alas! seven years after this marriage, the Empress died at the youthful age of twenty-seven, and lies buried at Andrai, in Southern Italy, in an unknown grave.

In Worms is a museum, which includes amongst its exhibits Luther's Bible. It was in this city that the great Reformer defended his principles before the famous Diet of Worms, in 1521; and in the Luther Platz there is a memorial group statue showing him and some of his leading supporters. Then, there is the twelfth-century cathedral, one of the finest examples of Romanesque style in Northern Europe. Worth seeing, too, is the Jewish cemetery, said to be the largest in Europe. The most important festival in this city is the *Backfischfest* (last week in August). It has its origin in the traditions of wine and fishing, and as the official brochure quaintly states regarding the concourse of participants, "the pleasures and revelry of this festival makes them forget for a while the trials and tribulations of life." I, too, forgot these tribulations when I enjoyed a bottle of 1950 Wormser Liebfrauen Stiftswein Riesling Spätlese in the charming parlour of the Langenbach firm, in whose cellars 2,000,000 bottles are stored.

South of Worms, a branch of the Rhine, the River Neckar, brings you to Heidelberg and the delightful country around it. Continuing along the main waterway you come to Speyer, another city of importance in Roman times and frequently the residence of the German emperors. To-day, its chief attraction is the cathedral, one of the loveliest Romanesque churches on the Rhine. The exterior is particularly imposing, not least because it is not crowded with other buildings. Its interior is the last resting-place of eight German emperors, and it is said that in the crypt there is more royal dust than anywhere else in Germany.

Speyer is a pleasant city in which to roam, and it also offers the interesting Palatine Historical Museum. Besides its valuable collection of antique art, it also houses a museum of viniculture. Here, you can look at what is probably the oldest wine in the world, kept in a green Roman glass bottle, and said to be 1,600 years old.

There is, indeed, every reason for Speyer to have the most outstanding viniculture museum in Europe, for it lies on the fringe of the Palatinate, the largest wine-producing district in Germany. Along its forty-mile-long Weinstrasse (Wine Street), there are vines all the way as far as you can see. It is a wine-lover's paradise.

Along this Weinstrasse there are some forty towns or villages and over 400 *Weinstuben*. It is impossible, therefore, to be far from some thirst-quenching haunt. I speak from personal experience in this matter, for, accompanied by a genial and hospitable German friend,

MAINZ ON THE RHINE: The statue commemorates Johannes Gutenberg, who is widely regarded throughout Germany as the inventor of the art of employing movable type in printing. In the background is the cathedral.

THE LIMBURG, NEAR BAD DÜRKHEIM: This is part of the famous forty miles of vineyards known as the Weinstrasse. Bad Dürkheim, the chief resort of the Palatinate, lays claim to the world's largest barrel—said to hold 1,700,000 litres of wine. This has never been put to the test, for it is fitted out as a three-storeyed wine restaurant for 500 guests.

CASTLES IN SPAIN ("ALL MOD. CON.")

Nowhere else in Europe is there anything which delights me more in the matter of accommodation than the Spanish Paradores, which are modern state-run hotels, often built into the shell of medieval palaces and monasteries. During the coming year the Spanish State Tourist Department is spending £1,000,000 on their further development. New buildings, to be completed this year or early in 1958, include Paradores at Villacastin, 52 miles north-west of Madrid, ideal for summer holidays, and a centre from which to visit the ancient Castillian cities of Segovia and Avila; at El Ferrol de Caudillo across the bay from Corunna; in the picturesque old town of Viella, 4,000 ft. above sea-level, in the lovely Pyrenean Vale of Aran, with excellent trout fishing and rock climbing available; and on the outskirts of Cordoba, one of the most fascinating cities of Andalusia. Further particulars from the Spanish Tourist Office (67, Jermyn Street, S.W.1).

THE RIVER NECKAR AT HEIDELBERG: In the background is the castle, the ruins of which are the largest and among the most beautifully situated in Germany. The original castle was founded by Count Palatine Ludvig I (1214-31) and various more imposing additions added until 1764, when it was struck by lightning and completely damaged. The remains of the castle are now carefully preserved. Heidelberg University is the oldest German-speaking seat of learning, excluding Vienna.

made the journey from Bockenheim, at the northern end the "s[illegible]," to Schwigen, which adjoins the French frontier. I don't say that I stopped in each village to sample its individual wine, but I did my best, being careful not to miss places of outstanding merit. Anyhow, it took us two days to complete our tour, together with some interesting short deviations.

In case any reader has the wish but not the ability to emulate my feat, then I suggest the short stretch between Bad Dürkheim and Neustadt might be selected. For here, in the two adjoining villages of Forst and Deidesheim, the finest Palatinate wines are to be found. Deidesheim, by the way, is a pleasant place in which to lodge, for it possesses some delightful inns.

Bad Dürkheim is the chief resort of the Palatinate. This spa possesses a casino and the world's largest barrel, said to hold 1,700,000 litres of wine. But it has never been put to the test, for it is fitted out as a three-storeyed wine restaurant, with a capacity for some 500 guests. To see Bad Dürkheim at its jolliest, you should go there during its great "Sausage Fair" held in the second half of September. It dates back more than 500 years, so the imagination boggles at the thought of the total consumption of wine and sausages which this town has seen.

Another outstanding festive occasion is the Grape Harvest Festival at Neustadt. During its Wine Week the German "Wine Queen" is elected. A curious alcoholic feature is a Wine Roundabout, which allows the visitor to sample the characteristic wines of Germany. Whether you would ever reach the end of this trip is another matter! Anyhow, you could always journey on to nearby Edenkoben for a grape-cure. This is a pleasant spa, as is also Bergzabern farther south.

On the western side of the Palatinate there is a range of hills, with some interesting castles perched like sentinels on their peaks. The most interesting of these ancient fortresses is Trifels, memorable as being the prison of Richard Cœur de Lion. It is said that beneath its walls the faithful Blondel sang and thus discovered the whereabouts of his Royal master. (The same claim is made for Duernstein Castle on the Danube.) It is an amusing fact that when during the last war repair work was carried out on this massive building, local rumour had it that it was intended to house yet another English king, George VI, along with his chief conspirator, a certain Mr. Winston Churchill.

BAD DÜRKHEIM'S ANNUAL VINTAGE FEAST: The scene at night when Germany's largest vintage festivity takes place during the second half of September. Known as the "Sausage Fair," it dates back more than 500 years. The town is in the famous Weinstrasse and possesses a casino which helps to make it the chief resort of the Palatinate.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

German Tourist Information Bureau, 6, *Vigo Street*, *W*.1.
Cornelder's, 114, *Shaftesbury Avenue*, *W*.1.
Yacht Holidays Ltd., 85, *Buckingham Palace Road*, *S.W*.1.
Lairdways Ltd., 198-199, *Sloane Street*, *S.W*.1.
Swan Tours, 260, *Tottenham Court Road*, *W*.1.
Frames Tours Ltd., 25-31, *Tavistock Place*, *W.C*.1.
Germania Travel Ltd., 10, *Clifford Street*, *W*.1.
World Holidays Afloat, 114, *Shaftesbury Avenue*, *W*.1.

REPLICAS OF THE ORIGINAL PILGRIM SHIPS: The *Godspeed* (left), *Discovery* and *Susan Constant* (background), full-scale replicas of the original ships used by the Pilgrim Fathers, lie at Anchor off Jamestown, in Virginia. On April 1 the town began celebrating the 350th anniversary of the first permanent British Settlement in what was to become the United States of America. The British exhibit at the Jamestown Festival occupies an area of 7,000 sq. ft. and has cost about £50,000.

Jamestown Celebrates its 350th Birthday

It was on May 16, 1607, that three small ships from London moored at Jamestown, Virginia. Out of that landing grew the first permanent British settlement in what was to become the United States of America. To mark the occasion the American Government and the State of Virginia set up Commissions to plan a series of events under the title of "The Jamestown Festival—America's 350th Birthday." Britain was the only foreign country invited to take part.

The British Pavilion shows the sixteenth-century background of the adventurers from England and the growth of the British Commonwealth since then. Tableaux and models were specially built in Britain and many priceless treasures have been lent from private and public collections.

The culminating feature of the British exhibition is a display symbolising milestones in the history of freedom on both sides of the Atlantic. It includes the Magna Carta and the town crier's bell presented to Sir Winston Churchill by the trustees of Colonial Williamsburg Inc. The plans for the British exhibit were by Mr. Harold Midgley, of the Central Office of Information, who has now been "borrowed" by the festival authorities. Lord Hailsham, the Minister of Education, took part in the opening ceremonies on April 1

SETTLEMENT GUARDS: Dressed in breastplates, helmets and Dutch slops, like soldiers of 350 years ago, and armed with pike and sword, these participants in the celebrations stand in the restored stockade at Jamestown. They took part in the opening ceremonies on April 1.

OPENING THE FESTIVAL: Lord Hailsham cuts the ribbon. With him (left to right) are Mr. Thomas B. Stanley, the Governor of Virginia; Mr. Frederick H. Mueller, the U.S. Assistant Secretary of Commerce, and Mr. Conrad Wirth, representing the Secretary of the Interior.

AMERICAN INDIAN STYLE: Running Deer demonstrates cooking to Mr. Lewis McMurran, Jr., Chairman of the Virginia Anniversary Commission (left), Lord Hailsham, and Lord Crook, the Labour Party's representative.

BURNETT'S WHITE SATIN GIN

It's as smooth as satin
–and costs no more than ordinary gins!

Available in all sizes

Spring & Summer
RHINE CRUISES

Fascinating Rhine Country and Wine Festivals

Economy cruise via Rotterdam and Rudesheim by m.s. LORELEI, May–Sept. 11 day, 39 guineas, all inclusive from London. Also 8-day Spring cruises April 20 and May 4, 32 gns., to the Bulbfields and Amsterdam.

By Boat to Switzerland

Regular service by passenger/cargo steamers Rotterdam–Basle 6 days combined with 4 days in Switzerland and return overland, 51 gns. all inclusive from London.

CORNELDER'S TRAVEL
114, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1
GER 6336.

H. E. BATES

DEATH OF A HUNTSMAN

Four longer stories by a master of the short story.
12/6

MICHAEL JOSEPH

Switzerland

Pleasure never ends in

THE GRISONS ENGADINE

There is something for everybody in this largest holiday region of Switzerland, which extends from north to south over the watershed of the Alps. A writer confessed right and gladly, that "age cannot wither nor custom stale its infinite variety." Why not discover the GRISONS?

Apply to the Swiss National Tourist Office, 458-59 Strand, W.C.2, the Travel Agencies, the Tourist Offices of the Resorts or to the Grisons Tourist Office, Coire, Switzerland.

St. Moritz

The Four Leading Hotels

THE KULM
THE CARLTON
THE PALACE
THE SUVRETTA

The Alpine GOLF CENTRE.
Seasons: June-September/December-March.

ST. MORITZ — HOTEL DU LAC
First-class Family Hotel of old standing. Near sources and baths. Park, Tennis, Orchestra. Full Board: S.Fr. 20 and up. Toni Cavelti, Director.

PONTRESINA — KRONENHOF
The Grand Hotel of world-fame.
Since 1848 managed by the Proprietors, Family L. Gredig.

VULPERA — HOTELS WALDHAUS & SCHWEIZERHOF
Switzerland's top fashionable Alpine health resort. Cures for liver, bile and kidney troubles. Famous flower-gardens, golf, tennis, swimming-pool. Orchestra.

SILS-MARIA/BASELGIA — HOTEL MARGNA
The most comfortable, beautifully-styled Engadine residence in grandiose position. (6,000 ft.) Manager: W. Scheel.

SILS-MARIA ENGADINE — HOTEL EDELWEISS
First-class family hotel. Beautiful situation. Private park, garage. Daily all inclusive rate from S.Fr. 25. For particulars apply to Lothar Hüppi personally.

KLOSTERS — GRAND HOTEL VEREINA
4,000 ft. a.s. on motor-car-route to Italy and Austria.
Strictly first-class. Extensive gardens, tennis, heated swimming-pool, orchestra.

KLOSTERS (4,000 ft.) — **HOTEL SILVRETTA**
Member of the Association of the very first-class hotels in Switzerland.
Manager: G. Rocco.

TESSIN

LUGANO MAJESTIC HOTEL
Magnificent viewpoint in quiet position in centre of bay overlooking lake, bay, town and mountains.
Private Swimming Pool in large garden.
Open-air restaurant on lake.
Wires: Majestic, Lugano.

LUGANO — LLOYD HOTEL
First-class house, beautifully situated on the Lake Promenade.
100 beds (private baths). Brochure on application.

LUGANO-LIDO — STRAND HOTEL SEEGARTEN
Wonderful view of lake. Every comfort. Private beach. Terrace restaurant. Excellent cooking. Garage. Ask for brochure. Owner: R. Huber-Sohm.

LUGANO — HOTEL CONTINENTAL
Excellent family hotel—elevated position—every comfort—lovely garden.
Pers. Management: Mrs. E. Fassbind.

LUGANO-PARADISO — HOTEL EUROPE
The distinguished family hotel facing the lake, for perfect and memorable holidays; 120 beds. Propr. R. & M. Fassbind. Management: Hs. C. Arpagaus.

LUGANO-CASTAGNOLA — HOTEL BOLDT
A very comfortable house in the most beautiful and quiet situation, with exquisite cuisine. Open all year round. Moderate rates. Please write to: E. Gugolz-Jenni, Proprietor

LOCARNO — HOTEL LA PALMA AU LAC
One of the most up-to-date hotels in one of the most beautiful resorts in Europe. Unrivalled situation on the lake. Roof-top garden—French grill—Orchestra—Parking.

IVA ZURICH

The World of Books: By VERNON FANE

A GREAT AMERICAN

A Political Biography of President Roosevelt; Airmen with Cat's Eyes; The Last of the "Squarsons"; The Rhineland; Short Stories and Novels

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT at the zenith of his career wielded more personal power than any one man had ever exercised previously over the world before, not excluding Joseph Stalin. That the nation which he led to absolute victory calls itself a democracy and has a constitution based on a determination to make it impossible for tyrants or dictators to arise within its midst is a paradox with which, no doubt, the historians will juggle for many a long day.

In a so-called classless society he was born into the aristocracy, the more powerful since the roots of its will to govern were not discernible in terms of the claptrap which is the orchestration of a modern democracy. He was by nature and upbringing a dedicated politician and he became a statesman by definition of that Machiavellian phrase from which ROOSEVELT: THE LION AND THE FOX (Secker and Warburg. 45s.) takes its title.

Mr. James MacGregor Burns is a Professor of Political Science and he writes like one in spite of a valiant attempt to dress his formidable task in the habiliments of popular biography. Roosevelt, the wily politician; the statesman; the man of ineffable charm, labouring under physical handicaps which would have discouraged a less unflinching character, dominates the book as he should. Professor Burns examines every step in the career from Groton to the White House with practised skill. Roosevelt stayed in the White House for twelve years and in that time achieved a social and political revolution in his own country; marshalled its unprepared but vast resources relentlessly and overwhelmingly for victory; and died in office leaving the United States in complete domination of the world.

Like all great leaders Roosevelt aroused men's passions to the point of apotheosis on the one hand and virulent hatred on the other. That this was manifest in his own country more than in the rest of the world is understandable and this study by Professor Burns will do much to resolve certain conceptions and misconceptions, not only of the United States, but of its great President.

PORTRAIT OF A SECRET AGENT: Alexander Foote, an Englishman, was once a very successful spy for the Soviet Union. He now lives quietly in England, having left the Soviet service in 1947. His story is one of those told in *The Art of Spying*, by Ronald Seth (Peter Owen. 18s.). The author, who was himself in the spy business during the last war, deals with four other notable spies, two of them women.

In the last war there was not only a constant development of missiles and armour but some rapid changes and adaptations in the functions of the fighting forces themselves. Such an innovation was the forming of a group of airmen and aircraft specially trained to fight in the dark. NIGHT FIGHTER (Collins. 18s.) is the story of the most famous team in this branch of the R.A.F.: John Cunningham and C. F. Rawnsley, his navigator. Mr. Rawnsley, with Mr. Robert Wright, respectively Squadron Leader and Wing-Commander, have written of the training, setbacks and ultimate triumph of the fighters who stalked the enemy they couldn't see and finally drove them out of the skies.

The Reverend William Purcell has written a diverting biography of one of the last of the "squarsons," that erstwhile blend of squire and parson once a familiar part of English country life. The Reverend Sabine Baring-Gould, however, was something more than this, for he was the author of four of the best-known hymns in the language, a novelist, an archæologist and the man who gave *Uncle Tom Cobley* to the world. ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIER (Longmans. 21s.) is a tale told with sympathy and spirit.

THE TWENTIES (Allen and Unwin. 25s.) is announced as an informal social history. It even has some of the scissors-and-paste inconsequence of a scrapbook. But it also has considerable entertainment value, on which Mr. John Montgomery is to be congratulated, and will provoke a good deal of nostalgia among my contemporaries. As to the young, who never knew the delights of Oxford bags, the Wembley Exhibition or the first Labour Government, they may find this book as bewildering as we find it fascinating.

To the title THE RHINE AND ITS CASTLES (Putnam. 25s.) could justly be added the words "*and Its Wines*," for Mr. Monk Gibbon's admirable travel book discourses with as much understanding and authority on this important aspect of the Rhineland as upon its great architectural features. I particularly liked his descriptions of some of the smaller palaces and keeps, the Mouse Tower or the place with the amusing name of Poppelsdorf. The illustrations, which are naturally important in a book of this kind, are from really splendid photographs.

In the field of fiction the two most important works by English writers this week are collections of short stories. To be exact, in DEATH OF A HUNTSMAN (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) Mr. H. E. Bates has given us four long stories or *novellas*, each of them not only a completely expressed drama, but so fitted to the particular form that the author has chosen that it is impossible to imagine them either compressed by a paragraph or expanded by a word. I can think of no one now writing with a more elegant, spare and yet poetic style.

LOVE AND MONEY (Gollancz. 15s.) includes seven tales of the West Riding by Miss Phyllis Bentley, and they span the years from 1350 to 1950. Miss Bentley has a very true sense of period and can evoke the past without a hint of the costume-drama blight. She is, therefore, an admirable chronicler of that part of England she knows and loves the best. Whether the venue is country or solid township and the characters councillors, churchmen, cloth merchants or landowners, Miss Bentley's touch is sure.

THE NETTLE AND THE FLOWER (Heinemann. 15s.), in its contemporary fashion, reflects the same clear, daylight sense of the probabilities. Miss Barbara Goolden writes about two young people living a far from idyllic country life. Theirs is a love-story beset with the most mundane difficulties and trials and it is to Miss Goolden's great credit that she shows just how confoundedly scratchy pinpricks can be and, in the end, how unimportant.

The scene of BREAD AND OLIVES (Chatto and Windus. 16s.) is a Mediterranean village in which the main language is Greek and Olympus towers in the distance. It is not, however, a dark tale of feuds and murders, but a light-hearted story of a highly individual community. Pamela Arundale evidently knows the setting she describes so well. I found the book delightful.

A TALE OF THREE PLACES (Secker and Warburg. 18s.) is by Mr. Edgar Mittelholzer, which is to say that it is a novel of considerable force, plenty of colour and a slight threat of over-writing. The settings are Trinidad, London and the little, rained-upon island of Saint Lucia, and the action spins back and forth between them, animated by the central figure, a young man in search of love. The pace is fast, and the narrative compelling.

The third of the more exotically sited novels is MAMBA (Collins. 13s. 6d.), by Mr. Stuart Cloete. This is a violent book of hatred, sadism, brutality and loneliness, against the background of the Congo. Both gripping and repelling.

A trio of American novels demonstrate three aspects of existence in the United States.

THE LIVING SHALL PRAISE THEE (Gollancz. 15s.) is, on reflection, several literary cuts above its companions. Miss Marianne Hauser's novel is concerned with a young man whose doctor gives him a virtual sentence of death, and whose subsequent lease of life is a voyage of re-discovery. It is often witty, always sensible and never sentimental. THE SPIKED HEEL (Constable. 16s.), by Mr. Richard Marsten, is about a shoe factory in New Jersey, and in an absorbed, technical, utterly unhumorous way it is very interesting. SUCH AS WE (W. H. Allen. 18s.) is readable, too, in a more familiar way: the saga of a rich, pretty girl who tries to discover her direction in life through a series of experiments in party-going and love-matches. Mr. Pierre Sichel's style is a little rough and spasmodic, but he has the sincerity, which cannot be counterfeited.

IN REMOTE SPAIN

A Mountain Village in Andalusia

Yegen is a mountain village in Southern Spain. It is a poor village, one of the poorest of the eighty or so that stud the Alpujarra, as this fertile region is called, and it stands high above the sea. Yegen is so remote that until the present road was built, it took two days to reach it from Granada. But in its primitive way it is beautiful, and more than that, it has something to offer that no man can describe unless he has been caught up in the magic of the place. Such a one is Gerald Brenan, whose seven years in this Andalusian village did not bring him disillusion, only an acute awareness of life and a desire to participate in all that it had to offer. SOUTH FROM GRANADA (Hamish Hamilton. 21s.) has wit and erudition, and much else besides. In this grand book we can exult in his keen enjoyment of rural Andalusia.

Wolfgang Gans Edler Baron zu Putlitz, scion of a Junker family, has a curious personal history. Not the least curious thing about him is his present place of residence, a working-class flat in East Berlin, not fifty miles from that feudal castle which was once the centre of the vast Putlitz estates. At the time of Hitler's access of power, Putlitz was Attaché at the German Embassy in London. Ribbentrop duly arrived as Ambassador, and his Attaché took an instant dislike to him, as, indeed, he did to the whole Nazi machine. From then on Putlitz supplied the British Foreign Office with a constant stream of vital information, and he continued to do so when transferred by his Nazi masters to The Hague. Finally, whisked by British agents from under the guns of the Gestapo at Schipol Airport, Putlitz was brought to England and for the rest of the war worked in one of our top secret establishments at Bletchley. In THE PUTLITZ DOSSIER (Wingate. 16s.) the Baron tells his story with frankness, not least in the later stages, where his growing friendship with Guy Burgess leads him to make his dramatic ideological shift and seek asylum on the Russian side of the Iron Curtain. This is a fascinating personal document, one that may not be readily understood, but it certainly goes some way to explaining the very mixed motives of a man who has lived an extraordinarily full life of astonishing contrasts.

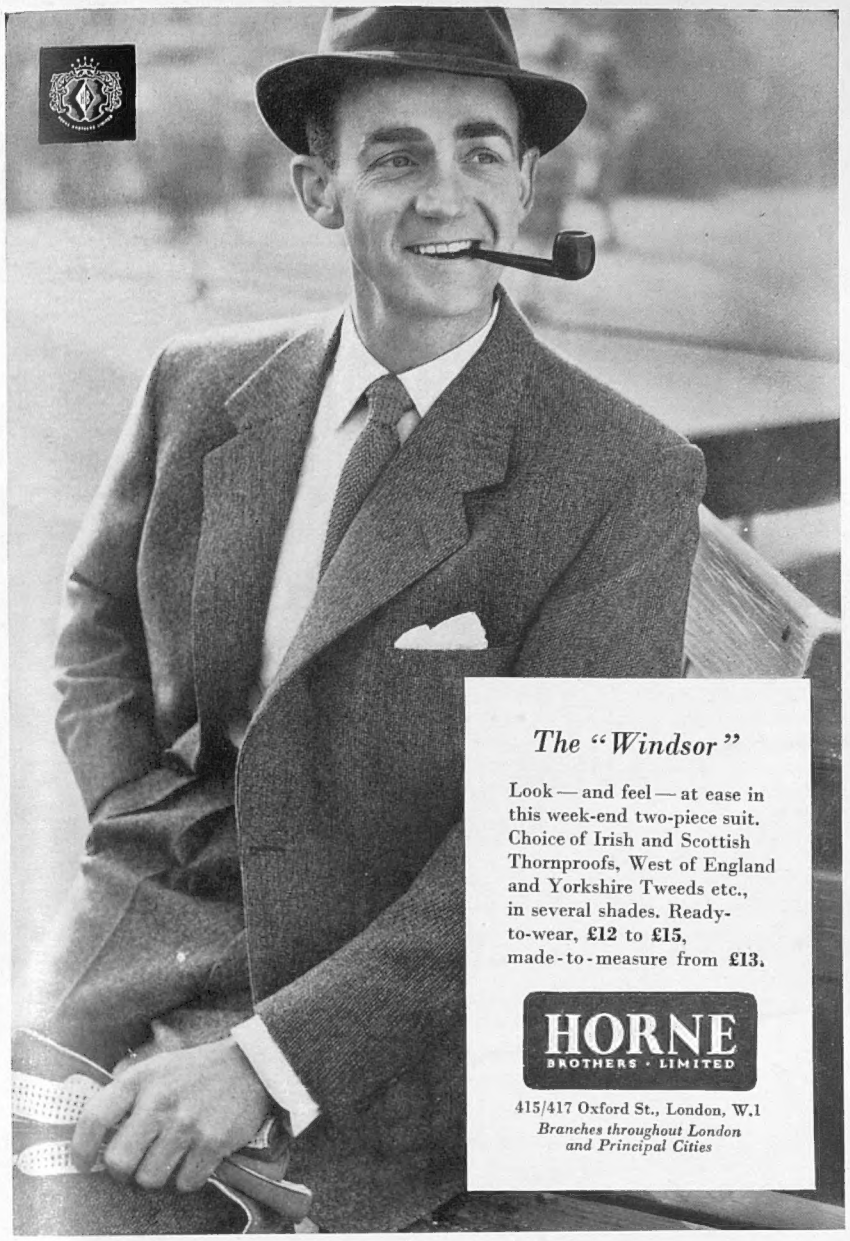
Eric Williams, who wrote that masterpiece among escape books *The Wooden Horse*, deals with escape in quite a different way in his latest volume, COMPLETE AND FREE (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 16s.). Here his theme is escape from the shackles of everyday peacetime routine. So, complete and free, Mr. Williams and his wife take us wandering through Europe. Camping at night where they found themselves, bowling by day along the roads of France, Italy, Germany and Austria, they escaped into a new free world full of strange encounters and a good quota of rogues and vagabonds to enliven their journey. Mr. Williams has the ability to write about these everyday encounters in a simple, unforced and always entertaining way. He is a writer of serenity and charm, possessing journalistic ability to observe with interest and record with precision. *Complete and Free* may or may not prove a best-seller, but it will surely win many new friends for Mr. Williams.

Wentworth Day, that prolific writer who combines the appearance of a man-about-town with the knowledge of a countryman born and bred, has written yet another valuable treatise on rural England. He calls it POISON ON THE LAND (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.). In it he gives a factual documented account of how present-day treatment of the land is threatening to kill many of our birds and wild animals. Much of the book is a record of disasters—of dead birds picked up in fields treated with toxic sprays; of rabbits dying in millions from myxomatosis; of rivers so filthy that all life in them is extinct. The second part of the book gives detailed and practical advice on how such damage can be prevented and a healthy stock of game and wild life built up. This is an outstanding piece of work.

Gurney A. Grattan's ROUGH SHOOTING (Faber and Faber. 28s.) is another book for the countryman, and even more so for the young man who wants to know something about the technicalities of this great pastime which is now "enjoyed" in such markedly changed conditions. This is one of the Faber sporting handbooks and is well up to the standard of its predecessors.

THE VOYAGE OF THE PETULA (Robert Hale. 16s.) is Frank Evans' story of a new and successful experiment in marine observation. This is a book very much in the *Kon Tiki* tradition. Mr. Evans shows very clearly how much more valuable are the close-to-sea observations which the marine biologist can obtain from a towed raft than from the deck of a massive research ship.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



The "Windsor"

Look — and feel — at ease in this week-end two-piece suit. Choice of Irish and Scottish Thornproofs, West of England and Yorkshire Tweeds etc., in several shades. Ready-to-wear, **£12** to **£15**, made-to-measure from **£13.**

HORNE
BROTHERS · LIMITED

415/417 Oxford St., London, W.1
Branches throughout London and Principal Cities

DRY FLY SHERRY

A gracious welcome to your guests

20/- bottle · 10/6 half-bottle
Also Magnums 40/-

RUIZ
Isabelita

THE GREAT LADY OF SHERRIES

In Spain, ISABELITA is a legend. The famous Ruiz created it some hundred years ago in honour of Queen Isabel II and it is literally a *fino* of Kings. Only a very little, unfortunately, comes to England each year; but all of that has the mark of greatness. ISABELITA is worth a connoisseur's trouble.

Ask your wine merchant for it

Write for free handbook on sherry to RUIZ (Dept. S), 34, Grosvenor Street, W.1

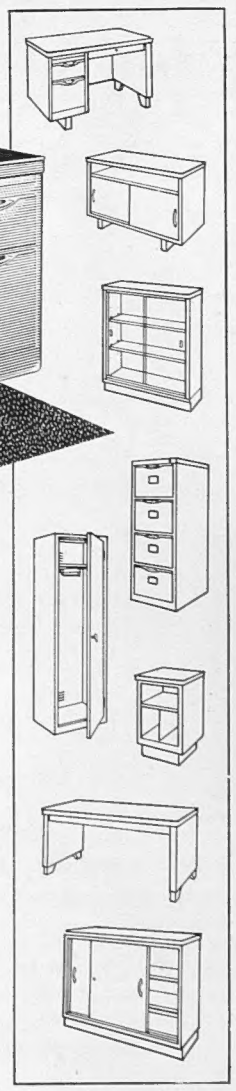
Introducing not just a desk . . .

. . . A COMPLETE SUITE

If you wish your office to look impressive as well as efficient, the new 400-Style Suite is the answer. A basic design of exceptional merit has been adapted to a full range of complementary units. These provide for the utmost flexibility in modern office furnishing whilst maintaining harmony and dignity throughout. Immaculately styled ; many interesting features ; robustly constructed.
Please ask for Brochure SE999.

400-STYLE
a matching suite of office furniture in steel

G. A. HARVEY & CO. (LONDON) LTD.,
Woolwich Road, London, S.E.7.
GREenwich 3232 (22 lines)



HARVEY

"Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both"
—Macbeth.

ACID INDIGESTION

Under present day stresses, more and more of us find acidity makes digestion difficult or unpleasant. 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets, with their pleasant peppermint flavour, deal with this highly personal problem so promptly, unobtrusively and effectively that it is really no longer a problem at all.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' REGD. TABLETS

12 Tablets **10½d.** *75 Tablets* **3/2**
30 Tablets **1/7** *150 Tablets* **5/3**

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

BOVEY TRACEY, EDGEMOOR HOTEL
Our name is the password to a healthy, happy holiday. On the edge of Dartmoor, walking, riding, free golf, and all that the lover of out-of-doors seeks; indoor—a hot bath, a good meal and comfortable surrounds! Transport arranged.

DEVON, NR. CHAGFORD. EASTON COURT HOTEL
Small fifteenth-century house, Anglo-American directors. Good food. Central heating and log fires. Writers, riders, golfers and fishermen find success here. Tel.: Chagford 3169.

FALMOUTH. GREENBANK HOTEL
For spring sunshine, for summer sailing, choose this hotel with its comfortable nautical atmosphere, situated on the water's edge of Falmouth Harbour. First-class food and service and genial climate. Tel.: 440.

MORTEHOE, N. DEVON. ROCKHAM BAY HOTEL
has a big reputation for good living. Country-by-sea. Direct trains (Waterloo). Terms 8–10 gns. Easter to June 22. Tel.: Woolacombe 67.

MULLION, Cornwall. POLURRIAN HOTEL
Ideal for holidays: surf-bathing, tennis, golf adjacent, billiards, ballroom. Licensed. 50 bedrooms. First-class fare. A.A. and R.A.C. Tariff with pleasure. Under same direction Hotel Bristol, Newquay.

PENZANCE, Cornwall. QUEENS HOTEL
Facing Sea and the South, for holiday or residence at any time of the year. 65 Bedrooms. Lift. Generous fare. TV, Cocktail Lounge, excellent train services. Good centre. Tel.: 2371.

ST. IVES, CORNWALL. ST. IVES BAY HOTEL
Unrivalled position overlooking sea and sands. 52 bedrooms (some with private bath). Excellent cuisine. Dancing twice weekly. Tennis Courts. Service garage. Licensed. Open May 18. Write for brochure or Tel.: 106.

ST. MAWES, S. CORNWALL. HOTEL TRESANTON
Lovely country house in sheltered bay, with terraced gardens to water's edge. Beautifully furnished. Club Bar. First-class cuisine. Sailing, Fishing. Terms from 47s. 6d. per day. Trains met Truro. Tel.: 322.

SALCOMBE, South Devon. ST. ELMO HOTEL
re-opens at Easter. Terms as 1956. Noted for Food and Fine Wines. Faces due South. Sheltered Garden and Tennis Court. Beach below. Illustrated Brochure. Tel.: 233.

SIDMOUTH, Devon. THE BELMONT
A first-class hotel with fine sea-front position. Noted for its catering and comfort. Refined, unostentatious. No dancing or music. Suites. Private bathrooms. Lift. Fully licensed. Tel.: 1555.

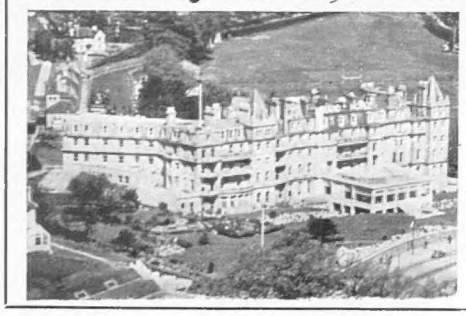
SIDMOUTH, S. DEVON. THE VICTORIA
We cater for all ages at all seasons. Recreation or recuperation. Scenery. Sunshine, Sea Air, Beauty Salon. Billiards. Bedside telephones and radio. Cocktail lounge and TV. COME AND BE SPOILT! Tel.: 951.

NR. SALCOMBE, S. Devon. GARA ROCK HOTEL
A sun-trap at the most southerly tip of Devon: a 35-bedroomed family hotel facing the sea, offering personal service, excellent catering and a particular welcome to children. Swimming-pool in grounds. TV. Tel.: Salcombe 342.

SALCOMBE, S. Devon. TIDES REACH HOTEL
No need for car—ferry service to shops and market town. Boating, Fishing, Safe Bathing and Glorious Walks. Modern comforts. Sun Lounge. Outstanding for food and wine. Tel.: 288.

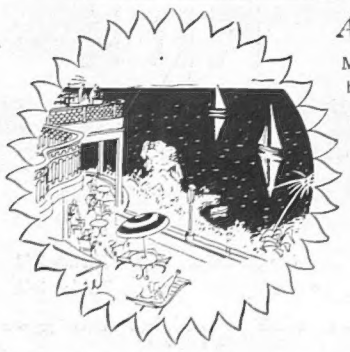
THURLESTONE, S. DEVON. At this delectable suntrap village by the sea, **THE THURLESTONE** (100 rooms) and **LINKS HOTELS** (50 rooms) offer ATTRACTIVE TERMS for early holidays. Golf, tennis, squash, badminton, billiards. Write for details.

TORQUAY, GRAND HOTEL



Don't let petrol problems interfere with your this year's holiday. We are fifty yards only from station and sea. Self- or chauffeur-driven cars can be arranged for golf and sight-seeing. Good bus service in every direction outside hotel grounds. 200 bedrooms (many with private bathrooms). Write O. R. Paul.

Tel.: 25234.



All you could wish for

Magnificent views over the blue waters of Torbay, beautiful semi-tropical gardens, comfortable wide-windowed lounges, delicious food, luxurious bedrooms and bathrooms. Dancing, cinema, bridge, tennis, squash, golf, bathing beach — and hairdressing by Antoine (de Paris).

It's all yours at the

Imperial
TORQUAY Tel: 4301

For more details write for Brochure G.
THE ENGLISH HOTEL IN THE MEDITERRANEAN MANNER

DEVON AND CORNWALL.—What delectable counties from a holiday angle. Between them they have something to offer all ages, all moods, and all sports. One need never tire of their seaboards, their rivers and contrasting countryside, which ranges from the colourful, scenic wildness of Dartmoor to whitewashed cottages nestling at the foot of some sandy cove.

A guide-book published 150 years ago is evidence that the Devon and Cornish coastlines were then little known. On the North Coast of Devon only Ilfracombe is mentioned "where there is a large commodious basin, where ships of any burthen may ride with perfect safety, in the most violent of storms" (what a miserable holiday picture!).

In Cornwall only Fowey is included, while on the South Coast of Devon Sidmouth, Exmouth, Dawlish and Teignmouth alone are starred, while Torquay is dismissed with "Here in a retiring cove stands Torquay, a little fishing village which has recently become a bathing place." Other days, other ways. It is indicative of progressive local enterprise that Torquay is now the largest resort in the West, has over 50,000 inhabitants, who know, as I do, that to enjoy her to her best advantage, spring, autumn and winter are the best seasons of the year. Sandy beaches? I hope you are not now looking for an hotel near a sandy beach for this year's holiday, for all the best accommodation is likely to be booked up, but if you have children who are not of school age, which means you can take them away early or late out of the holiday rush period, here are a few places for you to note. Mortehoe and Woolacombe, on the North Devon Coast, where most of the hotels lay themselves out for family holidays. Thurlestone, in South Devon, a place supreme for a self-contained holiday, by making use of the facilities supplied by the two principal hotels. Salcombe and neighbourhood for sands, sunshine and scenery. Sidmouth if you are not fussy about a sandy beach (shingle is often much cleaner) and, of course, Torquay, where sand is intermittent, but remember it is a place where there is plenty for father and mother to do when the youngsters are well in the land of Nod! Then make a note for the less popular months—The Seagull Hotel, Exmouth, where Kirstine Richards and her staff are particularly good in catering for young children.

In Cornwall, bear in mind Falmouth, famed for its sandy beaches; Mullion, on the Lizard Peninsula, where, away from the crowds, baby can make sand-pies while father golfs. Penzance and neighbourhood, which will suit those who appreciate the attractions of a town, and for those to whom St. Ives would appeal, sands and quaintness all happily intermingle. Further up the Cornish coast the well-known resorts of Newquay and Bude, and for those who like the smaller spots I can recommend from personal knowledge hotels at Crantock Bay, Harlyn Bay, Rock, Polzeath, and Port Isaac. Nor must I omit the much-sought-after Roseland Peninsula, on the South Coast, where St. Mawes is always in the sunny picture, with smaller places such as Portscatho, Portloe, Pendower and Veryan, running very good seconds.

SAILING? There are many aspects to this pastime which grows yearly in popularity. The principal centres for its enjoyment in Devon and Cornwall are, besides Torquay, Salcombe and Falmouth, Dartmouth, Newton Ferrers, on the Yealm, and Instow, on the Torridge, in North Devon, while in Cornwall the main centres are Bodinnick and Fowey, St. Mawes, Budock Vean, on the Helford River, and Padstow and Rock, on the Camel estuary. But the seaboard is by no means the all-in-all of holidaying in Devon and Cornwall.

What could be healthier than a Dartmoor holiday, a horse to ride, a babbling stream to picnic by, photographs to take. That many do take a Dartmoor holiday is clear as a result of the first-class accommodation that awaits the holidaymaker at such places as Bovey Tracey, Chagford, Haytor, Two Bridges or just off the Moor at Tavistock. Then if you are seeking a moorland-cum-seaside holiday choose Lynmouth or Lynton which makes a capital centre for Exmoor as well as the North Devon coastline.

There will be others to whom relaxation and a change of air amid restful surroundings will suffice. Sidmouth has a tremendous appeal in this respect, and especially in autumn and spring. But there are some lesser-known places that you might like to know about. Just in Devon, but close to the Cornish coastline, is Milton Damerel, where there is a delightful Country House Hotel. Then there is Endsleigh, near Tavistock, the Duke of Bedford's property, which I have, from time to time, mentioned in these columns. A gastronomical find four miles from Kingsbridge, Buckland-tout-Saints, while for those who like the country yet want to be near town life note the little village of Stoke Gabriel, whose postal address is Totnes.

Perhaps you seek holiday accommodation where you will experience the atmosphere of the inn, then there is plenty of choice. There is a famous inn behind Looe, in South Cornwall, where, apart from the local colour, the accommodation even extends to several rooms with private bathrooms. There is a good inn, modernised, but still brimful of character, at Chagford, a gateway to Dartmoor. Another very, very old inn is situated at South Zeal which is off the Exeter-Okehampton road, while there is one near Port Isaac, in North Cornwall, where the environment is delightful and the catering quite first-class.

I have omitted one important aspect of a West Country holiday which principally concerns Devonshire, and that is fishing. The Exe, The Torridge, The Taw all have their fill of fish, and though I am no fisherman myself, I know there is good fishing to be had at Hatherleigh, Lifton, near Launceston, Eggesford, and other places.

For information regarding other types of hotels in Devon and Cornwall please write to me. For obvious reasons space forbids my mentioning on this occasion individual hotels by name, though I should point out that all the hotels whose announcements appear on this page are personally known to me, as I visit them yearly.

Which

SANDEMAN SHERRY

will you have?

DRY *Apitiv:* a superb dry pale fino—21/- a bottle

MEDIUM *Amontillado:* a medium dry sherry—21/- a bottle

RICH *Brown Bang:* a beautiful full golden Oloroso—23/- a bottle

From the finest vineyards in Jerez, Spain, other Sandeman sherries are available from 19/- a bottle.

G. SANDEMAN SONS & CO. LTD., 20 ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

The Great Seal of Mary Queen of Scots is reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum

The Seal of a famous Queen

The Seal of a famous whisky

HIGHLAND QUEEN

SCOTCH WHISKY

Established 1893

MACDONALD & MUIR LIMITED, DISTILLERS, LEITH, SCOTLAND

Enjoy a Spring Holiday in the Brilliant Mediterranean Sunshine of

MALTA

The British Riviera and in the colourful atmosphere of

THE ANNUAL CARNIVAL

April 28-30

HOLY WEEK CELEBRATIONS

on April 18-19

* * * * * * * * * * *

Colour Literature of Malta post free from

THE COMMISSIONER GENERAL FOR MALTA
10 MALTA HOUSE, HAYMARKET,
LONDON, S.W.1, ENGLAND

or THE GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU
62 VALLETTA, MALTA.

FLY B.E.A.

Visiting **LONDON?**

600 SUITES, one to six rooms, each with private bathroom and telephone. Snack Bar, Club Bar, Grill Room, Lounge, Valet and Maid Service. Garage for 200 cars.

Write for fully illustrated brochure or telephone AMBassador 7733.

Park West

MARBLE ARCH · LONDON

MARSH YORK HAM

Marsh York Hams are available in most first-class provision stores.

Easter and the better weather start the true 'ham season'... Why not be good to yourself?

MARSH

it must be

For cooking and carving pamphlet please write to: Marsh & Baxter Ltd., Brierley Hill, Staffs.

LEADING THE FIELD IN ROTARY GRASS CUTTERS

HAYTER (Reg'd)

and cutting as it goes!

No matter how long or tough the grass, the HAYTER MOTOR SCYTHE will not choke, and produces a neat, trim finish without effort.

Illustrated is the 26" HAYTER SCYTHE self-propelled by a Villiers 250 c.c. 4-stroke engine. Trailer seat available as an optional extra.

CASH PRICE **£108.0.0** delivered U.K. or initial payment of £12.17.0 and 8 monthly payments of £12.17.0.

HAYTERS (Sales) Ltd.
62, Spellbrook Lane,
Bishop's Stortford,
Herts.

TAKING TEA WITH THE WORLD

Gentlemen first, Ladies!

ILLUSTRATED BY MORDEN

Among the northern islands of Japan live a strange people, the Ainu. Their origin is unknown. They are believed to have inhabited their island for over 2,000 years—an older race than the Japanese—and are credited with knowing the world to be round before the West did!

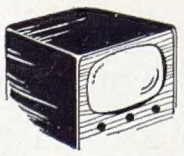
The Ainu (pronounced Eye-New) are a gentle, peace-loving people even making friends with bears and other animals. Their religion is mysterious, thought to be similar to ancient Druidism, and embraces immortality. When spearing a salmon for food they believe they do it a favour by speeding it to a better world!

Yet this people of a strange land of volcanoes and lakes have a common bond with the rest of the world—they love tea. In their 'table' etiquette, however, they disclaim equality of sexes: women stand while their polygamous lords take tea. Gentlemen first—then the ladies sit and enjoy their 'cuppa'.

(With grateful acknowledgement of the help given by Mr. Kanazawa of the Japanese Embassy, and the Editor of Picture Post.)

More and more people are enjoying Brooke Bond—good tea and *fresh*. Over 150 million cups of Brooke Bond tea are drunk *every day* throughout the world.

Brooke Bond have thousands of acres of their own tea gardens—more than any other firm of tea distributors in the world—with their own buyers in all the big world tea markets.



P.G. for T.V.

P.G. Tips is the popular tea for T.V. sessions—quickly brewed, yet giving full flavour.

Brooke Bond *good tea-and FRESH!*

Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2. Saturday, April 13, 1957. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.